

The Sketch



No. 192.—Vol. XV.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1896.

SIXPENCE.
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THE LATE BESSIE BELLWOOD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

THE CANON'S ROAR.

The persecuted Armenians are trebly unfortunate. To be massacred at the instigation of a contemptible tyrant is bitterer than to fall before the mighty arm of an Attila, a Timour, or a Chaka, one of those slaughterers in whom cruelty attains the grandeur of a force of Nature. But the victims are not only wretched in their enemies, but twice wretched in their friends, and thrice and four times wretched in their poets. Mr. William Watson's "Purple East" was not by any means the greatest work even of Mr. William Watson; and the combination of sonnets, sermon, and subscription list that Canon Rawnsley, in obvious imitation, calls "The Darkened West," is, we should say, the very poorest production even of Canon Rawnsley.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour—
England has need of thee,

the author quotes on his cover. The words are familiar to us—indeed, almost familiar enough to be re-discovered and published by the distinguished amateurs who edit the *Pall Mall Magazine*. And far be it from us to deny their truth. We always have need of a Milton, and we are especially short of such at the present time. But of minor and minor poets we have great plenty. And we are by no means sure that England has any need of Canon Rawnsley, though it would, perhaps, be too harsh to conclude that he should *not* be living at this hour.

It is just and right that a true poet should speak out on matters of national moment. Wordsworth did so: Tennyson also. Even with these, however, the average quality of their patriotic or occasional verse was below their usual standard, though with bright exceptions on the part of Wordsworth. But with a verse-writer of small inspiration and little technical ability, such effusions, however sincere, are, as a rule, about as worthy of permanence as the "topical verses" of a music-hall song. Canon Rawnsley has, doubtless, a very real sympathy with the Armenians—so have most of us. He wants England to help distress and stop massacres—so do we all. But when he has moved resolutions to that effect in public meetings and offered to receive subscriptions for the Armenian Relief Fund, he has done about all that his abilities qualify him to do. His preface—taking up a quarter of a very small book—is enough to close charitable purses. "Armenia is cast to the dogs," he begins, and goes on to say, "Many of us are ashamed of being Englishmen." This is mere hysterics. England would have interfered long ago but for the express threat of war from Russia and Russia's jackal, and the unfriendly neutrality of other Powers. And the Canon is unable to indicate in prose or in verse what England ought to do.

However, to cut the Canon's preliminary cackle and come to the sonnets. There are twenty-three of them, and a hymn to be sung at Relief Fund meetings. Now, the sonnet is not a particularly easy form of verse, and is eminently unfitted for hasty writing. It has an artificial and elaborate metrical scheme, and yet should be so written as to read naturally and smoothly. Now, Canon Rawnsley, as De Banville said of Scribe, "a reçu du ciel le don de ne pas rimer." In the "octave" of the sonnet he sometimes runs short of rhymes, and repeats the same word; and three out of the four rhymes, as a rule, are obvious "chevilles." Here is a sample of his craft—

Here labourers going forth to sow the grain,
There fields untilled, earth cankered to the core;
There widows weeping round an empty store,
Here song of Harvest Home and loaded wain;
Here peal of wedding-bells, there cries of pain,
The bridegroom slain, while Kurdish ruffians bore
The bride to worse than murder; there no more
Troth plighted, here fond lovers in the lane.

Or again—

In old Edessa, by the garden's hem
Whence still the streams of Paradise are poured,
Men felt that peace was better than the sword,
That love, not hate, should wear the diadem.
And so they sent to far Jerusalem,
And gave the Saviour welcome with accord.
Prayed him to come and be their Saviour Lord,
Teach them His laws and bear rule over them.

Was ever a worse combination of false accent and forced rhyme? No doubt the author wrote in haste; but anyone with a critical ear would have writhed in anguish on reading over his own work, and would not for a dozen Armenias have let it go beyond his own study fire.

We are aware that many worthy people will think that the excellent purpose of these halting lyrics may be taken as carrying with it a pardon for their bad workmanship. There are many who feel it a religious duty to say that Keble's cumbrous stanzas are fine lyrical poetry, and that "The Sign of the Cross" is next door to Shakspeare. But bad work is not made better by a lofty aim—rather, worse. Canon Rawnsley was under no compulsion to write sonnets against time on Armenia; he should not have written sonnets like these on anything whatever. Every hysterical speech, every rash statement, every wild proposal, every bit of false rhetoric and bad taste, in the advocacy of the Armenian or any good cause, damages the cause far more than the efforts of its enemies. Canon Rawnsley sings of a New Crusade; but there were Crusades and Crusades. The most futile and fatal was the crusade of Peter the Hermit and Walter the Pennyless—so futile that it is not admitted to the honour of a separate number. It was the result of wild and whirling words acting on the emotions of an undisciplined mob. And doubtless Canon Rawnsley remembers, or can readily find out, what happened to Walter the Pennyless and his friends, and how much they helped in recovering the Holy Sepulchre.

BESSIE BELLWOOD, DEAD.

Bessie Bellwood is dead, and the London that loves the people who make it laugh has gone into mourning for the moment in such a way as only the capital can. The man in the provinces never understands how such a thing can be. The huge letters and prominent place which the announcement of the fact occupied on the poster of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Friday would scarcely induce him to buy the issue. The column and a half which the *Telegraph* devoted to her on Saturday would simply bamboozle the Nonconformist conscience of the entire community, or perhaps madden it when the same issue treated Bellwood to exactly the same space as Bell at Bow Street, and to half a column more than the situation at Constantinople. Yet "the greatest circulation in the world" was true to itself and its clients, for Bessie Bellwood meant much more to the Londoner than Abdul Hamid II. You may moralise about such a state of things and call in philosophy to explain, but the fact remains that this woman, with her appalling vulgarity, her boisterousness, her slang, and the rest of it, could at times command the salary of a Cabinet Minister, and had constituted herself a favourite for whom the Londoner had something very like affection.

Miss Bellwood—how very grotesque it is to prefix her with the "Miss"!—was of Irish origin. That explains much. Her real name was Elizabeth Ann Catherine Mahony, and she claimed Father Prout as one of her great-uncles, the Father Mahony, immortalised by his charming ballad, "Shandon Bells," etcetera. Add to this Irish origin the fact that she was born in South London, and you will understand the secret of much of her humour, a lifelike study of the New Cut, regarded in the spirit of the Irish humorist; a Celt with a big dash of the Cockney about her. She took to the halls as a sweet seventeen (more than twenty years ago), making her first appearance at the South London, and at first she fell back on the ballads of Erin. Of course, such an exuberant spirit was not to be confined for long to the cycle of Celtic song, and early in her career she got hold of a regular rollicking ditty characteristic of her later mood, entitled "'E's got a wooden leg and a tall white 'at."

That was the prelude to a long series of songs that became more pronounced as the lady grew older and bolder. At a time when Mr. Phil May was in his cradle and Mr. Chevalier at school she presented the London public—making excursions to the West-End halls—with a series of portraits of the real donah; for Mr. Chevalier's Liza is, after all, but the shadow of a shade, a decocted coster, an en-Charmed creature who has gone through a course of instruction at the People's Palace. Bessie Bellwood sketched from life, and her coster was a living, rowdy, rank, pugnacious personality, "all fringe and mouth," as somebody has said. It wasn't acting; it was simply an incarnation. That was perfectly clear when you read of Miss Bellwood's occasional appearances, on many pretexts, before the magistrates of the Metropolis. Her voice was no voice; her songs (as written) were unsingable by anybody else, and dreary. But, then, Bessie's patter, which varied from night to night, was unapproachable, vulgar in the extreme, but also intensely good-humoured on the broadest basis possible, and full of life.

Mr. George Moore (what a novel he could write round her!) is credited with having once described her as "infinitely more artistic than Mrs. Kendal"; but Bessie was really herself. The impromptu sallies with which she met any interruptions in a house demonstrated this. The gallery boys knew her power of self-defence, and loved to tempt her to favour them with excursions into the remotest corners of the Queen's English. She could have edited a complete slang dictionary. Her best songs were always popular, even when they had fallen far behind the music-hall standard of later days. The best of them were probably "I'm a Lidy," "The Duchess of Petticoat Lane," "Wot cher, 'Ria," and "Has anyone seen my Mary Ann?" Very amusing was "The Pro's Driver," in which she made the jarvey describe the fares that he had to drive round to the halls nightly—Marie Lloyd, for instance. She never attained the wide range of song that Jenny Hill did, but she certainly was the most formidable rival of the poor "Vital Spark," to whom she was a complete contrast physically, and whom she has outlived only a few months.

And then—which covers a multitude of sins—Bessie was intensely good-hearted to anybody in distress. The public did not know that, but it was part of the humanity about her that made her a genuine favourite. One who knew her has recorded that oftentimes, after doing turns at three or four halls in a night, has she gone to sit by the bedside of a sick or dying sister-artist; and only just recently, although she was none too well off, owing to the constant drains made upon her purse—sometimes by people altogether undeserving—she paid a large bill for the funeral expenses of a dead friend out of her own pocket. She was always ready and willing to forego a night's salary for the purpose of assisting at a benefit performance in aid of charity. And now she is dead herself—the result of a heart affection; for what heart could stand the excitement of her life, the exuberance of her methods, the tear and wear of her outbursts of banter and boisterousness! She cannot be replaced, for she belonged to an order that is ceasing or has ceased to be altogether. The very life itself she depicted is, indeed, disappearing in its ranker forms of luxuriance; and, then, her methods of presentation have gone out of date, for the music-hall has advanced to the point where it has become a cult that has an art of itself. She was to be buried at Leytonstone Catholic Cemetery yesterday, for she clung to the faith of her fathers throughout all her strange wanderings in a world that she loved to get laughter from.

THE LATE BESSIE BELLWOOD IN SOME OF HER CHARACTERS.

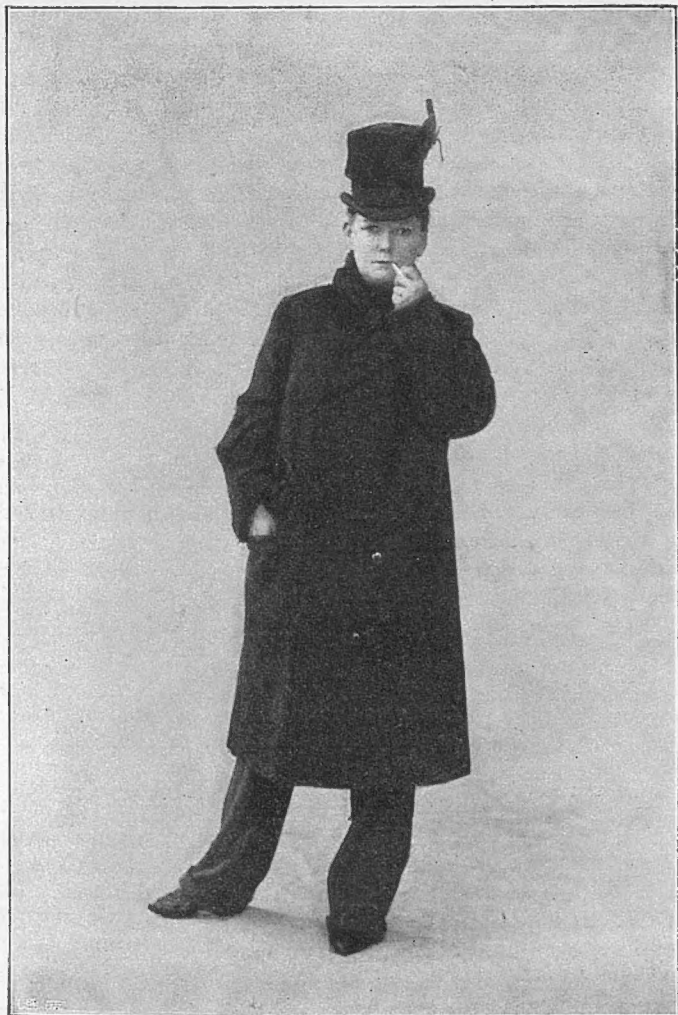
Photographs by Hana, Strand.



IN "SERAPHINA SPOT'EM THE DETECTIVIST."



IN "OLD WOMAN v. THE NEW."



IN "THE PRO'S DRIVER."



IN "BLACK AND WHITE."

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Adolescence and suicide! I have been reading a disquisition on this theme in the *Figaro*, from which I learn that the practice of self-slaughter is growing among young Frenchmen between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two. The article is suggested by a recent case of a young man who sought his life with a revolver; but youth and inexperience misdirected his aim, and the bullet was safely extracted from his head, leaving the original vacuum there not very dangerously disturbed. The writer in the *Figaro* is accustomed to suicide among the middle-aged. He does not question its propriety for people who have exhausted life, and grown weary of the *menu*; but he is shocked when adolescence snatches up the revolver, merely because a woman is worthless or unkind. It is the destiny of woman to play the murderess, he remarks, with the usual tendency of the Parisian moralist to sham philosophy. It is so easy to blame woman for the vacancy of the adolescent skull! The only appropriate moral is, as Mr. Le Gallienne says, that our paradises are cheap enough; it is our hells that are so expensive; and the most expensive kind of hell for a very young man is the blowing out of his silly brains—brains in the physiological sense only—because some woman is not for him.

A few years ago an adolescent noodle in this country committed suicide, having first done to death an acquiescent girl, as foolish as himself. He left an explanatory poem, the point of which was that the deceptions of Nature were intolerable to his sense of righteousness. He instanced the fraud practised on the bee by the flower, which sprinkles that insect with fertilising pollen when the artless visitor is gathering honey. "You may fret me," the adolescent might have said to Nature in the words of Hamlet, "but you cannot play upon me." I wonder this did not occur to him, for your booby, of a certain sort, is generally apt with a quotation when he is meditating the worst of folly. Anyway, he finished off his fretting, and invited the world to muse on the wicked scheme of things which had made flowers, not women, his murderers. I remember there was a long correspondence on the subject in an impressionable morning paper; and a friend of mine, a man of letters, whose intellect I esteem greatly, took the opportunity of vindicating suicide as a just and dignified exit from an oppressive world. I don't know anybody less likely to choose that short cut to quiet; but I have observed that your level-headed pessimist is often most sympathetic to those who rear monuments of tragic stupidity because they have no heads to speak of.

It might be well for Parisian adolescence, aged nineteen, to ponder this parable of the flower and the bee. I don't know whether that insect would improve the shining hour any less blithely if made aware that it was used as a carrier of pollen from one flower to another. A very young and foolish bee might make an end of itself with its own sting; but the average professor of the tranquil philosophy of buzzing would at once perceive the humour of the situation. Why should not the nineteen-year-old who has been badly treated by the disdainful Hybla transfer his attentions to the equally desirable Hymetta? He might discover that even the scorn of the one lady had sprinkled his raven locks with the pollen of fascination, irresistible to the other. I have no experience of this disseminated magic; it is a good many years since I was nineteen; and I may be theorising on insufficient data. But I have observed some of my young friends humming between Hybla and Hymetta without any suicidal impulses, and without exclaiming "*La femme est la meurtrière!*" That may be her function in a strictly scientific dispensation. In Stevenson's grim poem, "*The Woodman*," the forest is disclosed as a slaughter-house in which every form of vegetation is preying murderously on its neighbour in the interminable struggle for existence. By the same token, Hybla and Hymetta may be a pair of shears, and betwixt them the adolescent unfortunate is sacrificed in order that the survivors of his foolish species may develop sterner stuff. But once in the meshes of scientific analogy, your speculation is no better than convulsive kicking; so I trust, for the sake of Parisian youth, that "*The Woodman*" will not be translated into French.

Suicide, moreover, for the sake of a woman is treason to man's tottering supremacy. A better example is set by a policeman I have lately heard of, who, by the stern virility of his profession, captivated, not the cook, but a lady of gentle birth and ample means. To this guardian of the peace, wrapt in unpretending blue, the conquered spinster appears to have offered her heart and hand and worldly estate, with that regal frankness which has distinguished some historic ladies of

a coming-on disposition. I like this old-fashioned tribute to the masculine dominion. It is growing rare; let us make the most of it while we can. The prowess of soldiers among feminine hearts is, no doubt, more romantic than that of a stalwart constable; but we cannot afford, in these days, to be too particular. A blue uniform may not be so picturesque as a red coat and a sword; and it is, perhaps, more impressive to await your country's call to active service than to go about arresting dogs without muzzles. But the empire of man is in such peril that I am grateful to the policeman who, by sheer force of manly attributes, has revived the glories of his sex. Great care, I hope, will be taken in recruiting the police from the flower of British manhood, for it may devolve upon them, not only to regulate the traffic in our thoroughfares, but even to hold the citadel of masculine authority against the surging tide of independent womanhood! Courage, my friends! If the worst comes to the worst, those of us who have any thews and sinews left may turn "bobbies," and many a bald pate may renew its magic for the fair in a helmet.

Some men, I notice, feeling their authority crumbling, are disposed to be querulous about the manners of women. One nervous champion writes to the papers to complain of some ladies who tried to keep him out of a smoking-compartment when there was no vacant seat for a smoker in any other carriage. He asserted his right, and the feminine skirmishers retired, launching a shower of Parthian shafts from indignant eyes. I am glad to hear that this audacious manoeuvre of the enemy was defeated; but why raise an outcry against their manners? When a general makes a reconnaissance in force, driving in the hostile outposts, he is not reproached next day by the other commander for his ill-breeding. In this case the reconnoitring party was put to flight; and it shows a lamentable weakness on the part of the victorious champion of the rights of man that he should appeal to the public on an irrelevant issue. What happens? One of those men who are the slaves of women promptly writes that chivalry ought to have dictated the surrender of that smoking-compartment to the invaders. So the smoker is to sit smokeless in his own sanctum whenever woman, in the pure spirit of domination, chooses to occupy it. Comrades, let us resist that to the death; it is the thin end of the petticoat; but don't talk about manners, for that leads to confusion of sentiment!

In the *New York Critic*, which I always read with much refreshment, I find a Canadian poet denouncing the bicycle. "Bicycles," he says, "are only fit for children and letter-carriers. The moment a gentleman puts his leg over one of them he becomes 'a gent.'" What say the cycling bards on this side of the water? Will Le Gallienne, revolving poesy on the wheel, submit to be written down "a gent" by this haughty rhymist beyond the seas? And I, who still practise gentlemanly deportment for the benefit of cyclists in Battersea Park—well, I was about to burst into a tempest of wrath, when, on the next page of the *Critic*, I noticed Miss Gilder's admirable rebuke to the "Americanism" of Professor Brander Matthews. By "Americanism" is meant animosity against England, "a frame of mind," observes Miss Gilder, which Mr. Brander Matthews "does much to cultivate." It is an unhappy infirmity in so accomplished a man. "Englishmen," as Miss Gilder says, "are not always pecking at us, and why should we be always pecking at them?" Well, I suppose the disposition to peck is often indispensable to the literary equipment. We are not entirely blameless here. There is still an inclination in some quarters to peck at American literature, though the unbiassed critic can rarely open an American book or periodical without discovering some fresh and vivid talent. But the temper of some of our judges in America is surprising. "An American correspondent in London," says Miss Gilder, "told me that he was constantly getting letters and cablegrams from his chief in New York telling him to 'rip the Britisher up the back.' As he makes his home in England, and is on the most friendly terms with Englishmen, he cannot see what is to be gained by insulting and girding at people who have shown none but the kindest feelings towards himself and his country."

One drawback to "ripping" the Britisher is that, as a rule, he takes little notice of the operation. This is rather discouraging even to the most zealous practitioner. But why "up the back"? Any criticism which the Britisher deems worthy of regard he is in the habit of facing; so the back-ripping is apparently a stealthy process, supposed to be congenial to the American correspondent, who lives among the people to be thus assailed, takes them by the hand, and breaks bread with them. It is a pleasing conception of justice, candour, and other commonplace virtues. Miss Gilder, who knows us, will have none of it. I hope she will accept a grateful acknowledgment of her good sense and good feeling even from "a gent"!

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HOW SCENES ARE BUILT UP ON THE STAGE.

The Pessimist of the Press, the gloomy dramatic critic, frequently declares that the art of acting has been smothered in England by the splendour of our scenic effects. To argue with a pessimist meaning merely a waste of breath, and mostly a loss of temper, one forbears to contest the truth of the statement; but whether it be so or no, it is an indisputable fact that over here we mount and produce plays as they are mounted and produced in no other country in the world. Scenic art has been brought to such a point of perfection in England as to place our stage, in this respect, far above any of its rivals. Where is the London audience who would tolerate a Queen Elizabeth in cotton velvet and paper feathers? Or the phantom ship of the *Fliegender Holländer* visibly moved by eight legs in workmen's trousers, with a suspicion of blue blouse above, as has been seen in some of the best-managed theatres in Germany? With us scenic effect is an art, and not only an art but a profession. And to trace the growth of a scene, which invokes an involuntary "oh" of admiration from a London audience, is as interesting as the building up of the antediluvian animal from a single bone must have been to Professor Owen.

The play has been read and accepted, and then comes the turn of the scenic artist. He makes a careful study of the play, and the author's directions, and all the requisites necessary to "stage business," and constructs a card-board model of the scene. The stage-manager examines the model, perhaps approves, probably disapproves, suggests alterations here and there; while the author will be certain to declare that all his ideas have been utterly spoilt, and that the whole play is ruined. Then comes the turn of the stage-carpenter, who prosaically announces that such and such a thing is all very well, but "can't be done," and the author's ideal imaginings are ruthlessly laid low by a practical demonstration with a three-foot rule.

When all these various little differences have been adjusted somehow, and the scene has finally been approved by the manager, the model is copied by the carpenter in canvas stretched on wooden frames. These lengths of plain canvas, kept together by cross-trees of wood, are the only solid realities which support the airy superstructures of the dream world of the theatre. And from the sight of them, in all their unlovely nakedness, it is hard to realise that, except for a little paint spread upon their surface, the whole of a stage scene is absolutely there. With the coming of the scenic artist, however, the "dem'd, dull, unpleasant surface," to misquote Mr. Mantalini, begins to change. Granite columns, weighing some few pounds, and massive archways built of huge blocks of marble, which quiver with every gust of wind, grow under his paint-brush.

With the painting of the canvas, the manufacturing, so to speak, of the scene is at an end. There is nothing left but what is technically known as "pointing," a phrase used to express the finishing of the edges of the "sets."

When the scene is a modern drawing-room, or something as uncomplicated, the difficulties of the artist and carpenter are not great; though even here sometimes, at the last moment, a door has to be cut through the wall, or a fireplace converted into a window, to allow of exits or to facilitate some telling "business." But when the play is historic, such as "The Sign of the Cross" or "For the Crown," museums are ransacked, monuments studied, books devoured, authorities consulted, in order that every detail may be exact and every point as true to a vanished life as study and care can make it. Take, for instance, the third act, "At Trajan Arch," in the Lyceum play, which may well be counted one of the triumphs of scenic art. The narrow pass between the towering heights of the snow-covered mountains, under the cold light of the shining stars, is perfect—simply as a picture. And it seems almost impossible to believe that these same stars which twinkle frostily between the overtowering peaks of the mountains are not night's real jewels, but merely light of earthly manufacture artfully introduced through holes in a canvas sky.

When all the scenery has been painted, all the properties obtained, and the heterogeneous mass of material gathered together, the scene is "set," order evolved out of chaos, and a bare, wooden-floored, brick-walled space transformed into a palace, a dungeon keep, a mountain pass, or what not. To set a scene, the scene-shifters invariably begin with the ground, and the bare boards are covered up with a floor-cloth, masquerading as a gravel path, a stone pavement, or a grass-green sward. If the scene is a room, a carpet takes the place of a floor-cloth. Having settled the floor, the background is then let down, and the sets are run in from the wings. The stage, which is, of course, on a slight incline, is divided up into what are called "steps," each of which is numbered, and corresponding numbers are painted on the backs of the canvases, so that each can be run into its place without any chance of a mistake. The whole thing goes like clockwork, and to watch the setting of, say, the Transformation Scene in "Cinderella" at Drury Lane, absolutely takes one's breath away. A multitude of men rush about in every direction, simultaneously moving huge pieces of scenery, and, as if by magic, the thing is done.

In the greater number of modern plays the action takes place in a room of some kind or another, and after the scene has been set the room must be furnished. With a period play, again, the furniture must be in keeping, and stage-managers mostly employ agents to travel round the country and pick up genuine old furniture for them. To furnish a room for the stage so as to produce a good effect requires a great deal of judgment and much more experience than the average playgoer ever imagines. Many colours, such as blues, never look well under the

strong glare of the footlights. Gold is always a safe colour to play, and tapestry-covered suites are most effective. Again, the colouring must be chosen with special regard to the gowns of the actresses.

Sometimes a manager will come himself and choose all his furniture piece by piece; more often he sends an order for a room, giving certain broad indications, and leaving it to the upholsterer to send what he thinks fit. The furniture arrives, and is arranged on the stage exactly as it would be in a private house, with an eye solely to effect. If certain pieces of furniture are required for "business," they are placed accordingly. Then the rehearsal begins, and in the course of it the entire furniture frequently plays a kind of General Post. One chair is in the way when the hero cries "My long-lost wife!" and rushes to embrace her; a sofa hides the graceful outline of the heroine in tears for her faithless lover; a cupboard is too far away from a table to be conveniently used to extract the poison-bottle, or it is opposite the door, and consequently in full view of the incoming victim. No one who has not acted can have the least idea of the importance of furniture on the stage. A whole scene may be turned from deepest tragedy to broadest farce by a misplaced chair.

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FOR full particulars see Hand-bills, to be obtained at the Stations and at the following Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; City, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hays', Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's, 142, Strand.

(By Order) ALLEN SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

ABOUT THE CZAR'S TOUR.

The Czar will long remember his visit to Scotland, if only for the contrast it presents to the extraordinary splendour with which he has



MEDAL STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE CZAR ALEXANDER II'S VISIT TO LONDON, 1874.

been usually received. His trip across the North Sea in his new yacht, the *Standart*, passed off without a single hitch. The *Standart* vies with the *Polar Star* and the *Hohenzollern* as being one of the three finest passenger-vessels ever built. The *Standart*, especially all that concerned the inner arrangement of the yacht, was planned in a great measure by the Czar himself, although the plans were submitted to and passed by his father. Built at Copenhagen, every detail of the construction was supervised by a well-known Russian engineer Dolgoroukow, and the actual cost is estimated to have been £400,000. No attempt has been made to conceal the provenance of the vessel, which is painted in black and yellow, the Russian Imperial colours; a double-headed eagle, with wings outspread, surmounting the prow. It is significant that every portion of the yacht itself is of foreign construction. The boilers were made in France, at Belleville, and not a little of the machinery is of British manufacture. There has been no attempt, as was the case with the German Emperor's pleasure-yacht, to combine the attractions of a passenger-boat with those of a warship; but steel has been largely used in the making of every part, the upper deck alone being lined with teak-wood. This, of course, greatly minimises the risk of fire, as does also the fact that the whole yacht is lighted by electricity. Four of the twelve lifeboats are fitted with a small engine-room, and act, in fact, as small yachts. Every item has been carefully designed and carried out with a view to safety and comfort rather than to speed or to show. Part of the deck is arranged as an open-air drawing-room, and looks not unlike the hall of some old English country house, while easy-chairs, basket-tables, and several other pieces of furniture, specially made in England at a cost of eight hundred pounds, form a cosy corner in this vast sea-castle.

The size of the *Standart* may be imagined from the following facts. Not only the Emperor and Empress, but also the Dowager Empress and the Czarewitch, each possesses a pretty suite of three rooms, consisting of bed-room, dressing-room, and boudoir-study; the nursery, which is a thoroughly comfortable apartment, is close to the young Czarina's quarters. The furniture in each state-room is exceedingly simple; no gilding is to be seen anywhere, and the flowered cretonnes which cover the walls and with which the furniture is upholstered give a look of cleanliness and brightness rarely seen in even the best-appointed yachts. There are two dining-rooms: a State apartment, containing a table large enough to seat seventy to eighty guests, and a smaller room, generally used by the various members of the Imperial family when at sea. In this apartment are to be found two fine allegorical paintings of the four Russian seas. Captain Friedrich, the commander of the *Standart*, has a charming suite, furnished with some very fine old oak furniture presented to him by the Emperor himself.

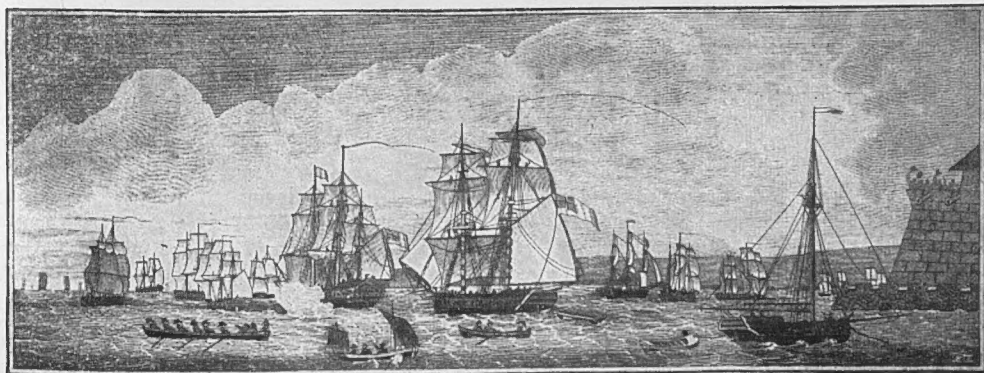
The splendid silence of Balmoral and the "Queen's country" generally is probably as much to the taste of the Czar as to her Majesty. Londoners, of course, would have liked to see him and welcome him in a royal style. But that is not to be. The capital must thus content itself with the memory of the two Alexanders of Russia who visited our shores.

In June 1814 Alexander I. came across, and, in the company of the Prince Regent, the King of Prussia, and Marshal Blucher, inspected the English fleet at Portsmouth. At that time Great Britain and Russia were more than friends. Europe, especially in those regions haunted by high politics, has gone through many changes since the years when Bonaparte represented a common danger to the United Kingdom, Prussia, and Russia. How impossible, then, seemed such events as the Crimean War, or even a future Franco-Russian Alliance. The town was most gorgeously illuminated, and everything was done to show not only boundless civility to the Emperor and to his fellow-guest, the King of Prussia, but also to their very numerous suites. Among other distinctions, the Czar received the freedom of the city of Oxford, a review was held in his honour in Hyde Park, and probably the most splendid festival ever given by the City of London was that which took place on June 18, ten days before the Emperor of All the Russias returned to the Continent enchanted with his visit and all that he had seen. It is interesting to note that among his suite were at least two of the forebears of the Russian nobles who have accompanied Nicholas II. to Scotland, Count Woronzoff-Daschkoff and General Benckendorff. As seems going to be the case in Paris, all differences were for the moment sunk, and among those who hastened to do the Autocrat honour were Lord Castlereagh, Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Wellington (then Marquis Wellesley),



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA, WITH THEIR INFANT DAUGHTER, THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA.

Photo by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.



CZAR ALEXANDER I. AT PORTSMOUTH, 1814.

and "Warren Hastings, Esq." Exactly sixty years went by before another Emperor of Russia visited London, and it is to be feared that the reception accorded to Alexander II. did not equal in warmth that spontaneously given to his predecessor. The Crimean battle-fields had come to make a wide gulf between the two countries, and this notwithstanding the fact that a Russian Princess, the Czar's only daughter, had just married the Duke of Edinburgh.

Of course, the note of Czar Nicholas's present tour will be the outburst of Gallic gallantry in his honour. The decorations in Paris are on such an elaborate scale that the Brighton Railway Company are running a cheap fourteen-day trip to Paris by the special express day service on Saturday morning, and also by the newly accelerated express night service on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday evenings.

SMALL TALK.

Wednesday was a red-letter day in the Queen's life, and the congratulatory telegrams she received at Balmoral were flashed from every corner of the world. It was very appropriate indeed that the Czar should have been there on the great day, and equally appropriate that the play for the week in Aberdeen was "Rosemary" (with Mr. Murray Carson as Sir Jasper), which, as you know, starts with her Majesty's accession and ends on Jubilee Day. It is very curious to remember, however, that it was in the neighbourhood of her Majesty's Highland home that the Jacobite standard was raised in 1715 by the Earl of Mar, who was the sworn foe of the House of Guelph. All that is forgotten, and the Queen has no more loyal subjects to-day than the simple folk of Deeside.

Just now the old cartoon which Mr. McLean, of the Haymarket, published sixty-three years ago is very interesting. It shows the monarchs who were minors at the time—Otho, King of Greece, *æt.* twelve; the Queen of Portugal, fourteen; the Queen of Spain, three; and the Emperor of Brazil at the age of five. The points of the "approaching Congress" which they were supposed to be considering were the "best construction of pap-spoons, a plan for the abolition of rods, and a plan for the encouragement of sweetmeat-makers." Donna Maria

the usual dozen of well-known names, always interpolating one or two inconsequential nobodies who happen to be their own particular friends.

The Lyceum first-night was not as brilliant as usual, because so many men were out of town. Lord Russell, Sir Frank Lockwood, Sir Francis Jeune, and other legal first-nighters were absent, to say nothing of the notable politicians who make the air electric on some first-nights. Sir George Lewis, who usually occupies a stall, was prominent in a box, and so also was Mr. Barney Barnato, whose wife's diamonds illuminated the house when the electric light was turned down. Novelists were there in numbers, although I missed Mr. Hardy, who usually puts in an appearance. Mr. J. M. Barrie probably made his last public appearance before he and his pretty wife sailed for America three days later. By his side was Mr. Frankfort Moore, and not far away, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. Mrs. W. K. Clifford, just back from Bayreuth, was there, and "Sarah Grand," chaperoned by her publisher, Mr. Heinemann. Mr. Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones came to see how Shakspeare went off the stage of life with his last play, and Mr. Archer sternly watched for evidences of Sir Henry Irving's pruning-knife from behind his friend Mr. Massingham. All the dramatic critics, of course, put in an appearance, most charming of them, with the manners of an earlier age, Mr. Joseph Knight of the *Athenæum*. It would be easy enough for



THE CHILD MONARCHS OF THE WORLD IN 1833.

From an Old Print.

of Portugal tells the mannikin that she is dandling on her knee about the "funny doll" Victoria has sent her, and how "it will make papa laugh." And all of them have vanished save the little Princess Victoria! How many "funny little dolls" has she made presents of since?

For once in a while I cannot congratulate my friends of *Vanity Fair* on their cartoon. Mr. George Meredith is one of the handsomest men I have ever met, with a face which can kindle nothing but reverence in the beholder. Was it not introduced into a canvas of Rossetti's as that of the Christ? Mr. Max Beerbohm has made Mr. Meredith to look hideous, and his caricature goes beyond all honourable bounds. It is a pity, for Max Beerbohm is a clever young man with a future.

There is one thing which not one of the daily papers does effectively—perhaps because not one of them thinks it worth doing—and that is to describe adequately the crowd at a first-night performance. Take the Lyceum representation of "Cymbeline" for example. There was no lack of distinguished journalists present—Mr. Moberly Bell of the *Times*, Mr. E. T. Cook of the *Daily News*, Mr. Massingham of the *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. Courtenay of the *Daily Telegraph*, and Mr. Alfred Harmsworth of the *Daily Mail*. These gentlemen would have thought it beneath their dignity, I suppose, to write a description of the people, although any one of them would willingly enough have written an eloquent article on the play. But a description of the people would make much better "copy," if it were done with knowledge and good taste, and would have had many more readers. This descriptive work, however, is left to not very competent young men, who simply sling together

me to make a column, or even two, out of the crowd of people who had "done something" in art, in letters, in affairs, to justify Sir Henry Irving in making them his guests at his opening performance.

Those who are familiar with that lovely district of Sussex in which Petworth is situated will doubtless remember the picturesque village of Tittleworth, with its beautiful old church, and will recall that inn beloved of artists, the Swan, whose sign-board swings out boldly across the roadway. The Swan is an ancient hostelry which has had many an eminent painter within its hospitable walls, some of whom—Vicat Cole among the number, if I remember rightly—have decorated the panels of the room they loved with charming specimens of their genius. I hear from a friend of mine, who has occupied a cottage in that delightful part of the world this summer, that the Swan has just acquired a new sign-board, the work this of Mr. Caton Woodville, whose spirited drawings of our soldiers past and present must be very well known to the readers of *The Sketch*. Following the example of other artists—those, for instance, who decorated the George and Dragon at Wargrave—he has devoted some of his time and talent to the embellishment of a favourite resort, and has depicted for the proprietor a spirited swan disporting itself in its beloved element, while a frog dares the dangers of the same deep in a novel craft—an ale-measure, to wit. Were the out-of-the-way hostelries of England, Scotland, or Wales to be ransacked, an interesting loan-collection of labours of love by brushes of eminence might be acquired for the Grafton Gallery for a winter exhibition. They could all be safely returned to their owners before the next painting season arrived.

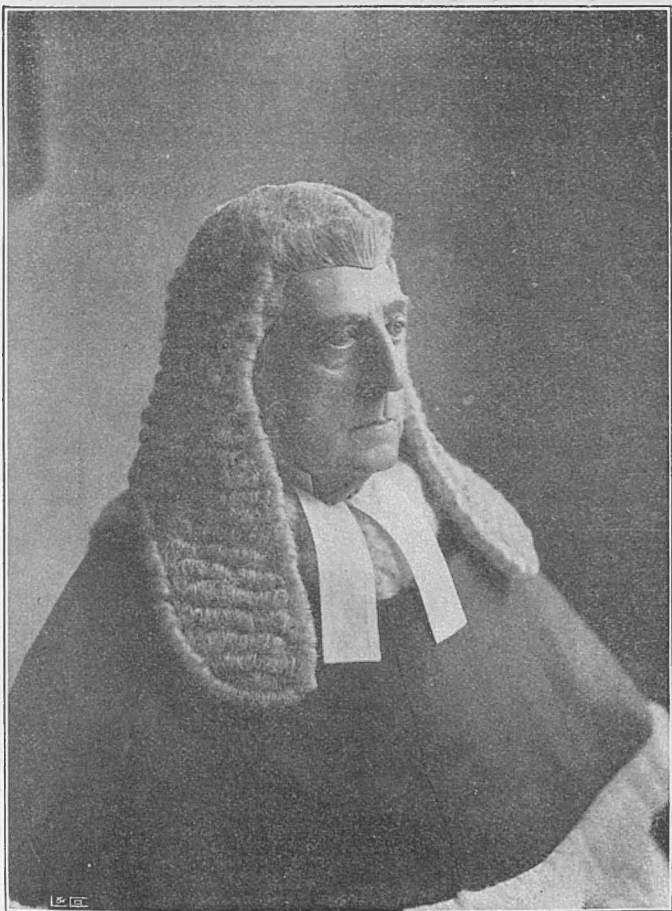
A few closing words about the National Liberal Club. The Secretary continues to write letters, some minatory, some appealing, now to the editor of this journal, now to its proprietor. He expects people who are disgusted with the mismanagement of the Club to deny the statements made in this journal. Let me ask him two plain questions. Is he unaware that members have resigned solely on account of the bad food and the discreditable service? Is he unaware that members who are still on

the books never go near the Club because they cannot tolerate its utter discomfort? If he does not know these things, he is singularly ill-informed. I have published facts about the Club simply for the purpose of spurring the management to a decent effort to save its credit. I have not the slightest desire to damage an institution which, with a little care, might still be made one of the best clubs in London. But this will not be done if the officials pursue the policy of affecting to believe that the National Liberal Club is in a most satisfactory state, and that all evidence to the contrary is prompted by malicious spite.



JOHN BROOKS.
Photo by W. Charles.

Here is a portrait of the old soldier, John Brooks, sometime senior corporal of the 3rd Light Dragoons, whose case has appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*. On Sept. 8 the Rev. Robert Ransford, St. Paul's, Upper Norwood, pleaded Brooks's cause in the *D.T.*, which immediately took the matter up. The Corporal, a hero of seventy-four years who has seen much service for his country, has fallen on evil days. His wife is sick unto death, and the old couple have but nine shillings a-week to live on, four-and-sixpence of which must go for rent. The *Telegraph* fund aims at purchasing an annuity for the old man, to keep him comfortable for the rest of his life. He enlisted in 1842, and next year was drafted to India. He first saw active service at Moodkee, where he was wounded, then he fought at Ferozeshuhur and Sobraon, also at Chilianwala and Goojerat, for which he was decorated. In 1853 Corporal Brooks volunteered into the 13th Light Dragoons and rode in the Balaclava Charge, sustaining a severe wound from a bursting shell. He relates how kindly he was nursed by Miss Nightingale during his illness at Scutari.



THE LATE MR. JUSTICE DENMAN.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

His Crimean medal has the clasps for Sebastopol, Alma, and Balaclava, and he has also the Turkish medal. He relates with pride how the 3rd Light Dragoons were never forced to retreat. Corporal Brooks has never asked for help: the more reason why he should now receive it.

I wonder, by the way, if my readers know that the *Telegraph* keeps in the outer office a public file that may be cut, and chains up, by long links of brass, a tame scissors for the convenience of such as choose to make extracts from its benevolent columns.

More notable is Mr. Hicks, the veteran of the Scots Guards who is so incensed with the Sultan that he has declined to wear the Turkish medal so hardly won in the Crimean campaign. He forwarded the medal to the editor of the *Daily Chronicle* for disposal, with a request that the proceeds might be given for the relief of the Armenians. The *Chronicle* obtained ten pounds for it, and could have received ten more had it not been so quickly disposed of. Few medals, surely, have such an interesting story attaching to them.

I have received a copy of the magazine of the 2nd Battalion of the Derbyshire Regiment. It is called *I'm Ninety-Five*, in reference to the former number of the battalion, and is published monthly at two annas. I must compliment Captain Bowman, the editor, on the interesting way he turns out his journal. One of the great wants of Tommy in India is literature. Of course, he has his Regimental Library and Reading-Room, which contain a number of papers, but it is sometimes impossible to find sufficient money to provide enough for, say, a thousand private soldiers to read, especially when they are confined to their barrack-room for months at a stretch, on account of the fearful heat, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily. It is not possible for myself or the other illustrated weeklies to enlarge our free lists. What is practicable is for the Colonel at the territorial depot in this country of every regiment on foreign service to arrange for the collection among civilians at the depot of journals and magazines to be forwarded abroad.

The death of the Right Hon. George Denman, if not actually a loss to the English Bench, means the passing away of a man who was truly one of its ornaments. He was ornamental in more ways than one, for he was noteworthy not only for his sound common sense as a Judge, his dignity and courtesy and high moral worth, but also for his splendid presence. At one time he was called "the beau of the Bar," and when upon the Bench he looked every inch a judge. Mr. Justice Denman came of a legal family, since he was the eighth child of the first Lord Denman, who was for many years Lord Chief Justice of England, and had signalled himself as one of the counsel of Queen Caroline. The ex-Judge died in his seventy-seventh year. He was a Trinity man, and made a mark by taking his B.A. in 1842, and was a Captain of the Poll, and always Senior Classic, while he enjoyed the more popular honour of rowing twice for his Varsity in the Boat-race, and subsequently took the Colquhoun Sculls. In politics a Liberal, he sat for some time as Member for Tiverton, and distinguished himself by promoting and carrying several valuable Bills relating to legal proceedings. In 1872 he was appointed one of the Justices of the Queen's Bench, but, being the son of a Peer, refused the customary but lesser dignity of knighthood. In 1892 he retired on full pension, and became a Privy Councillor and a member of the Judicial Committee. He made some contributions to literature by translations into Latin of "Gray's Elegy" and one book of Pope's Homer's Iliad. His Lordship was popular at the Bar, and respected and esteemed by all those with whom he came in contact.



SERGEANT HICKS.
Photo by Cumming, Aldershot.

I have lately become a regular reader of *Al-Maghreb Al-Akhsa*, a weekly paper published in Tangiers and enjoying a big circulation throughout Morocco. It gives a really excellent idea of the disturbed and lawless condition of the interior, of what Europeans have to put up with, of the manner in which the local authorities ride upon the high and despotic horse, together with sundry other interesting facts. The state of the city and the contempt with which the native tribes regard European visitors are matters for which I can personally vouch, and the very latest ebullition of popular feeling deserves a larger record than can be given by a native paper. On the occasion of a recent religious festival, when the town was full of fierce mountain tribes, some thirty men of one particular crowd went on the beach and began firing indiscriminately at all Europeans. Be it said at once that these practical jokers used blank cartridges, but none the less succeeded in creating something of a panic. Everybody can see how narrow the dividing-line must be between such a freak and a riot in which blood would flow freely. Any Englishman fired at might have been unable to see the joke and might have fired back with live cartridges. An accident would cost the Sultan a fortune, if not his kingdom, and yet such disturbances are possible at any time of the day or night.

The demolition of the remaining part of Clement's Inn, to make room for an extension of huge piles of modern chambers, removes one of the few traces of Old London in this vicinity. The Inn was christened after the Church of St. Clement Danes, which, named after the Pontiff, happily still adorns the Strand exactly opposite the offices of *The Sketch*. Originally a house or inn of Chancery, attached to the Inner Temple, for the education of students of the law, the Inn at the

A picnic at Stonehenge is one of those incongruities which ought to be put down by law. Under these everlasting stones assembles a noisy band of cyclists, who profane the spot with the popping of corks and the cracking of nineteenth-century jests. I wonder the ancient Druids do not arise, armed with something stronger than mistletoe, and whip these intruders out of the solemn precincts. I have never been to Stonehenge, but some day I shall make a solitary pilgrimage there (*not* on a bicycle), and seek by appropriate meditation and soliloquy to propitiate the shades of early and outraged Britons. Meanwhile, I am comforted to remember that one scene in fiction is worthy of the traditions of the place. Tess was arrested here at the end of that pathetic flight from justice, when she slept on one of these stones. This gives fresh sanctity to Stonehenge, a sanctity which ought not to be violated by the riot of picnics.

The oldest living photographer in America is Mr. Josiah Johnson Hawes, who has carried on business in Boston without intermission for upwards of half a century. Among the many celebrated personages who have "sat" in his studio he reckons with pride Jenny Lind, Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Daniel Webster, Oliver Wendell Holmes, George Peabody, Prescott, Louis Kossuth, and scores more. Even in these days of advanced photography, Mr. Hawes retains much of his old faith in daguerreotypes.

"Charity covers a multitude of sins," says a proverb, or something else that people quote without rhyme or reason. Yet I am acquiring certain doubts about the matter. One who knows was recently telling me that in some cases charity and superstition are so hopelessly mixed that a man can scarcely tell t'other from which, and it is very likely that the Recording Angel suffers from the same difficulty, and may enter in his accounts a debit for superstition that should be a credit for charity, and *vice versa*. The question arose over a discussion about betting-men, whom I quoted as being among the most charitable of our fellow-creatures. My friend, who knows more of the pencilling fraternity than I do, stoutly maintained that I was confusing charity with superstition. "Betting-men," he remarked, "are the most credulous men in the world outside their own immediate business. Go to Epsom, for example, and take the crowds of beggars between the station and the course as an example. I have seen dozens of men who have been caught by the punters, and yet dare not pass a beggar because they are sure their neglect would mean a continuance of bad luck. Is this charity?"



ST. CLEMENT DANES, FROM TEMPLE BAR.
Drawn and Engraved by I. R. and G. Cruikshank.

beginning of the present century consisted of three small courts, and the hall, a well-proportioned and elegant building, occupied one side of the middle court. It was entered from the Strand by a noble archway, supported by lofty columns. This, however, gave way to the new Law Courts. Clement's Inn was immortalised by Shakspeare, who makes it the former home of Shallow: "I was of Clement's once myself, where they talk of mad Shallow still." If you wish to get an idea of the enormous changes that have taken place in this part of the Strand even within the century, just look at the funny old caricature of the Cruikshanks, showing a Johnny (of that day) upsetting a watchman's box at Temple Bar. Beneath the arch you see the Church of St. Clement Danes in the distance, but all the houses, of course, have vanished. You probably know that Dr. Johnson used to worship there, as a brass plate attached to a pillar will tell you, while the poet Spenser's daughter Florence and the first Earl of Salisbury were baptised there.

certain doubts about the matter. One who knows was recently telling me that in some cases charity and superstition are so hopelessly mixed that a man can scarcely tell t'other from which, and it is very likely that the Recording Angel suffers from the same difficulty, and may enter in his accounts a debit for superstition that should be a credit for charity, and *vice versa*. The question arose over a discussion about betting-men, whom I quoted as being among the most charitable of our fellow-creatures. My friend, who knows more of the pencilling fraternity than I do, stoutly maintained that I was confusing charity with superstition. "Betting-men," he remarked, "are the most credulous men in the world outside their own immediate business. Go to Epsom, for example, and take the crowds of beggars between the station and the course as an example. I have seen dozens of men who have been caught by the punters, and yet dare not pass a beggar because they are sure their neglect would mean a continuance of bad luck. Is this charity?"



AN OPEN-AIR CONCERT AT STONEHENGE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

Amateur theatricals seem to be the favourite diversion of the Anglo-Indian. By the last mail I received photographs from three different parts of India illustrating as many performances. The most important, as it is the prettiest, was the production at Quetta of a burlesque on *Cinderella* by Mr. Herbert Harraden—whether a relative of the novelist or not I cannot say. It was produced under the management of Mr. Pigott, of the Border Regiment, and Captain Belli-Bivar, 7th Bombay Lancers. The burlesque throughout is described as brisk and lively. The title-rôle was entrusted to Mrs. J. E. McCulloch, a very pretty, graceful young lady, whose performance was as charming as could be wished; her acting was bright and vivacious, her dancing delightful. Captain C. Wood, R.A., was the Prince. The most mirth-provoking pair were *Cinderella's* sisters, Liza and Ria, who were impersonated by Messrs. MacGeorge, 16th Bombay Infantry, and Godfrey, 26th Bombay Infantry, the latter's dancing being irresistibly funny.

in these pages on May 27, and in which the feats of Lieutenant Gale were recorded. My correspondent is a granddaughter of the Lieutenant, and would be glad to hear any further facts about his career. I shall forward to her any details on the subject which some of my readers may possess.

The other evening I was at a very cosy little dinner at Romano's, in celebration of Miss Gillian Debenham's first year of editorship and proprietorship of *Judy*. As the dinner was quite informal, there were few toasts, but these were important and hearty. Of course, the toast of the evening was that of the guest of the evening—Miss Debenham herself, whose health was proposed in the most happy manner by Mr. H. Johnston, who occupied the chair. Mr. Johnston remarked that *Judy's* prospects were never brighter than they are now that she is appropriately and ably conducted by a lady. The other leading toast was, of course, that of the Art Editor, Mr. R. A. Brownlie, familiarly



"CINDERELLA" AT QUETTA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BREMNER, QUETTA.

Then the Amateur Dramatic Club of Simla have been charming their fellow townsfolk with a capital performance of "Liberty Hall." Mrs. Skrine and Mrs. Bingley were the Chilworth Sisters, Mr. L. M. Jacob the mysterious Mr. Owen, Mr. Daeres Cunningham the dear old Bloomsbury bookseller, while Lady Westland was the termagant servant Crafer, played at the St. James's by Miss Fanny Coleman. I have so often illustrated Mr. Carton's pretty play that I am unable to present another photograph of it. Last of all I have to record the tour which the Dramatic Club of the 1st Battalion of the Queen's Regiment, now stationed at Dagshai, in the Punjab, recently made round the neighbouring hill stations. The bill of fare consisted of a variety entertainment, in which the capital mandoline band of the regiment took part, while the immortal "Robert Macaire" or a curtain-raiser called "The Bitter Cold" was also given. The Anglo-Indian certainly knows how to enjoy himself.

And this same Indian mail brings me a letter from a town in the Punjab, apropos of an article on sensational ballooning, which appeared

called "RAB," whose clever work is so well known on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Gilbert Dalziel, former proprietor of the paper, who was unavoidably absent, sent, in a pleasant note, "his little toast": "Heartiest good wishes for *Judy's* prosperity."

My breath has been quite taken away by the details published concerning the proceedings of the Cat-Extermination Society in Germany, whereby 7300 unhappy pussies have been massacred during twelve months in Westphalia alone. This can only be paralleled by the stupendous holocaust of unoffending and, in most cases, harmless dogs that has been quietly accomplished at Battersea since the last Muzzling Order in February.

An American actress, Miss Johnstone Bennet, has startled New York by dismissing her maid and engaging a French valet to accompany her on her tours, look after her costumes, assist her in dressing, and perform the various duties usually assigned by actresses to their maids.

This photograph shows you what a stroke of lightning, during one of our recent storms, did to a sturdy oak-tree in Wouham Park, near Betchworth, Surrey. The picture would form a good text for a popular preacher.



THE EFFECT OF LIGHTNING ON AN OAK.

Photo by Frith, Reigate.

Mr. Edgar Pemberton has collaborated with Bret Harte in a dramatic venture rejoicing in the name of "Sue," which has made a successful start in New York. Mr. Frohman has cabled to Mr. Pemberton that "Sue" was admirably acted, was heartily welcomed, and received Press notices of a most complimentary description.

It is one of "life's little ironies." One often hears that plays are taken off while still enjoying public favour, and one rarely believes the rumour. Yet, to my surprise, when I went to the Princess's Theatre a few nights before its withdrawal, there was quite a houseful of money to see "In Sight of St. Paul's." Nevertheless, previous engagements enforce the termination—the premature termination—of a profitable run. My second visit to the successful melodrama showed me a new player in the part of heroine, already charmingly acted by Miss Kate Tyndall. There is no need to draw comparisons between Miss Beaufort and the original representative of the part. Certainly it would be impossible for the greatest genius to give great importance to a character in most scenes purely passive. It is but fair to Miss Beaufort to say that she acted with no little skill and grace in her impersonation of a decidedly thankless rôle. I had not seen the lady before, but trust that it will not be very long before I have an opportunity of appreciating her gifts.

The very latest specimen of what, for want of a better title, I must call "the decadent magazine," although the word "eccentric" is more appropriate, hails from Paris (it is really printed in London), and is called the *Quartier Latin*. It is a thirty-page oblong, strongly reminiscent of the *Lotus* of Kansas City, although the editor, Mr. Trist Wood, anticipates the comparison in a preface, which, of course, touches "Trilby." "A little book devoted to the Arts"—that is how the *Quartier Latin* describes itself. One notable feature is the advertisement pages, which are designed specially by different artists, who, however, must find it hard to incorporate in their designs the trade-marks of the firms represented. Messrs. Iliffe and Son are the publishers. My San Francisco contemporary, the lively *Lark*, still carols over the Bret Harte capital. It remains quite the best of the eccentrics.

Miss Laura Johnson, who is now giving so capital a rendering of the aborigine Wallaroo in "The Duchess of Coolgardie," at Drury Lane, has been described as a *multum in parvo* actress. Much interest has been felt in her present London reappearance, for this clever little lady was the one who made so remarkable a success as Thérèse Raquin, when that play was produced by the Independent Theatre Society, and ran for four weeks at the Royalty Theatre. She has also been

Mr. Hermann Vezin's leading lady for about four years. Miss Johnson was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, where her father, Edward Payne Johnson, was a cotton-planter, and died before she was four years of age. Then she spent eight years in Kentucky with her mother, and there began to study elocution when barely eleven, under Miss Lucy Roberts, for from her earliest childhood she had always shown such marked dramatic talents that her mother thought it wiser to allow her to train them.

When only twelve she was taken to New York, and entered the Lyceum School of Acting, then under the management of Mr. Franklin Sargent, and very soon after made her first professional appearance at the Lyceum Theatre in "Dakolar," under the management of the late Steele Mackye. Then she went on a thirty weeks' tour with Madame Modjeska to play children's parts, boys, pages, &c., but at the close of that engagement she determined to come to England to study under Mr. Hermann Vezin, remaining with that manager until July '95. Since then she has been devoting herself almost entirely to the study of dancing, working under the guidance of Madame Cavallazzi, and during the early part of the winter of that year made a success at some of the London music-halls with a new sensational sketch called "The Red Beacon," a part she laid aside in order to become a member of Mr. Wilson Barrett's company for the production of "The Sign of the Cross," at the Lyric Theatre, in which piece she played a small part for all it was worth, and also led a very seductive Eastern dance.

Miss Elsie and Miss Marjorie Johnson, the two sisters who are dancing at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and who also helped very materially to ensure the success of "The New Barnmaid," at the Avenue, are no relations of the aforesaid Laura. They are natives of Chester, and it is, doubtless, to the attractions of the Dee that they owe their taste for exercise, especially boating and swimming. Their early education was received from their parents, their mother undertaking their clerical and their father their musical studies. Then they came to London for a year, and later on went to Paris in order to perfect their French, for it was intended that they should enter the musical profession. However, their tastes and the Fates had decreed otherwise. They had always been entirely devoted to dancing, and so much of the time that should have been given to music was spent in "tripping it" that at last their family decided to allow them to adopt the profession of their choice.



MISS LAURA JOHNSON.

Photo by Warnecke, Glasgow.

At Christmas, 1894-5, they were the attractions at the Métropole pantomime, and last season at the Princess Theatre, Manchester, after which they resumed their original parts in "The New Barnmaid." They are now well booked into 1898, and contemplate touring for a few months in America. Their chief teacher of dancing has been Mr. Leon Espinosa, to whom they say they owe much of their success, though they also speak in most grateful terms of the teaching of Mdlle. Marie, with whom they worked for some time.

Mr. Fred H. Leslie's leaping and clowning dogs are the feature of the programme at the Oxford Music-Hall just now. Eight dogs go through a series of clever performances, but four stand out in high relief; and very high indeed are the leaps taken by two of them, especially by Dick, a well-bred black greyhound with white markings, and a special pet of his master; no obstacle seems to daunt him, and he appears literally to leap up into the flies. Then there is Wheeler (named after a famous American athlete), a cross between a greyhound and a Great Dane, who leaps the entire length of the stage; and all the time these high and long leaps are taking place, the two French poodles (Major and Jim) do some excellent clowning, which they appear to enjoy as much as the spectators.

Mr. Leslie comes from the land of the "Stars and Stripes," and is genuinely fond of his dogs, a fact which cannot fail to impress any looker-on who knows the manners and customs of dog-land. He has trained all his troupe himself by patience and kindness, and never by any chance uses the whip, except to quell a fight among themselves, for, sad to say, even with these highly trained dogs differences of opinion caused by differences of temperament will arise and brute force endeavour to assert itself. Another of Mr. Leslie's special pets is Clyde, a whippet, an English-bred dog from the kennels of Arthur Chambers, a noted pugilist and breeder of whippets, and presented to Mr. Leslie by Mr. Wood Campbell, of Detroit, who for many years had a monopoly of this breed in America. Besides these there are several others, from



MR. F. H. LESLIE'S PERFORMING DOGS AT THE OXFORD.

two to nine years of age, all of whom take their allotted parts bravely and with evident enjoyment.

What a wonderful thing a hat is, from the feminine structure that is the horror of all matinee mourners, to the topper of the mere man! But surely no hat is so mysterious as that which a Newcastle amateur, Mr. Henry Aubrey, manipulates. Mr. Henry Lee, working on slightly different lines, produces, as most of us know, the most extraordinary effects with comparatively simple changes of make-up; but Mr. Aubrey (in an entertainment called "Masks and Faces") can impersonate twenty-six different people under the same hat, taking a range which includes a Cowboy, Pierrot, a Chinaman, and a Monk, every change being simply achieved by altering its shape, while the actor changes the expression of his face to suit each character. Of course, this would not be a very difficult matter if Mr. Aubrey could each time indulge in an elaborate make-up; but he runs through his twenty-six utterly different characters in twelve minutes, and this, of course, makes anything like change of costume impossible. Now, as to the wonderful hat, it simply consists of the round brim of a lady's large, soft felt *chapeau* with the crown cut out, and Mr. Aubrey's clever fingers manipulate it each time to the shape required. Mr. Aubrey, who, with a few friends, formed the Newcastle Amateur Dramatic Club, first trod the boards some three years ago, and since then he has taken, among a good many other parts, those of Christopher Hogg in "Bubbles," Colonel Crocker in "A Winning Hazard," and Robert Laundry in the duel scene in "The Dead Heart."



WHAT ONE HAT CAN DO.
BY THE SCIENTIFIC ART PHOTOGRAPH COMPANY, SOUTH SHIELDS.

I am pleased to note that Mr. James Carter-Edwards, one of the soundest and most experienced actors in the profession, is playing successfully the part of the old Christian, Favius, in one of Mr. William Greet's "Sign of the Cross" companies. For more than twenty years Mr. Carter-Edwards was a leading member of the Mdle. Beatrice Company, whose manager, Mr. Frank Harvey, has lately settled down at Oldham as lessee of the local Theatre Royal, and in Mr. Harvey's drama, "Sins of the Night," he was the original exponent of the character of Ramez, played by the unhappy Mr. Temple Crozier on the night of the fatal accident at the Novelty. Early in his long and honourable career, Mr. Carter-Edwards, who claims descent from Edwards, Keeper of the Crown Jewels at the time of Colonel Blood's attempt, acted for four years at Aberdeen, and afterwards very successfully played Shylock to Amy Sedgwick's Portia, supported Helen Faucit, and served under the banner of John Coleman at Leeds and Hull.

It was a very perverse balloon, that gorgeous, wide-eyed monster at Earl's Court Exhibition. By decree of a wise management, solicitous for visitors' safety, the balloon had to be a captive, although in its limited sphere it brought enjoyment to thousands. It longed for freedom, so one night not long ago this fretful captive, aided by a gusty wind, set about effecting its escape. Tugging stoutly at its moorings, it at length succeeded in breaking one or two of its restraining bonds. Taking heart,



THE BALLOON AT EARL'S COURT.

it tugged again and broke a few more, until it was able to get close to one of the boundary fences of the Exhibition. But, alas! it could effect nothing further in the way of breaking prison; so, in sheer disgust, it battered itself to pieces against that boundary wall. And this, so Mr. Chapman told me, with a twinkle in his eye, is the true reason why there is now no balloon at Earl's Court. Moral: Limited usefulness is better than undefined aspiration.

I have received from Middelburg, Cape Colony, an interesting letter written by Miss Rose Blennerhassett, whose little book, "Adventures in Mashonaland," was noticed in *The Sketch* at the time of its publication. Various references have been made in these columns to The Poplars, the Convalescent Home at Middelburg, which Miss Blennerhassett and Miss Lucy Sleeman established when ill-health compelled them to abandon the hospital career that they had enthusiastically started upon. They chose Middelburg to settle in because it is one of the few South African health resorts which is beneficial to invalids all the year round. It is, of course, not my province to go into the details of the Home. Those who are interested must communicate with Miss Blennerhassett, The Poplars, Middelburg. While on this subject I may refer to the admirable "Guide to South Africa" which Messrs. Sampson Low have just published for Sir Donald Currie. It is crammed full of useful information and the maps are excellent.

On Saturday next the forty-first annual series of Saturday Concerts will be inaugurated at the Crystal Palace. There will be twelve

concerts before Christmas, and the best talent before the public has been engaged. The vocalists include Mesdames Ella Russell, Rina Allerton, Marie Duma, Florence Monteith, Clara Samuelli, and Amy Sherwin, Messrs. Barton McGuckin, Andrew Black, and Watkin Mills. The pianists will include Mesdames Clotilde Kleeberg, Chaminade, and Fanny Davies, MM. Eugen d'Albert and Mark Hambourg; the violinists Sarasate and Tivadar Nachez. Needless to say, Mr. August Manns will preside, and the outline of the twelve concerts, through which I have glanced, is very promising. On the last Saturday in October Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend" will be given, and on Nov. 21 the "Faust" of Berlioz. Such a programme and such an interpretation should secure extensive patronage, and the Chatham and Dover and Brighton Railway Companies are offering increased facilities and special rates that should strongly appeal to visitors. At the same time, it is an open secret that, should the public fail to maintain the support, the Directors will be compelled to withdraw or remodel the entire series on account of the huge expense at which it is produced.

The case for the Crystal Palace is admirably put by Mr. F. G. Shinn in a book entitled "Forty Seasons of Saturday Concerts," published by the Crystal Palace Company. He traces these concerts from their foundation forty-one years ago, when they were held in "the Court of Musical Instruments" and the repertoire was as limited as the orchestra. At first they were presented on a very small scale; but their success became noised abroad, and in November 1856 they were removed to the New Concert-Room, which was not completed until 1859. Here Joachim appeared in 1862, and a month later Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who had just returned from a course of study at Leipzig, had his Incidental Music to Shakspeare's "Tempest" performed for the first time. Between 1866 and 1868 much of Schubert's orchestral music was introduced to the public, and in 1877 Rubinstein appeared at a concert given in his honour, and in the following year Señor Sarasate made his first bow to a Crystal Palace audience. So recently as 1886, in the last year of his life, the Abbé Liszt appeared at one of the concerts, although not as a performer; and, indeed, the Crystal Palace Concert-Room has been the scene of historic performances. Mr. Manns has never relaxed his energies, and Sir George Groves, formerly Secretary to the Company, and the first Director of the Royal College of Music, is responsible for the careful analysis attached to every piece in the weekly programme book.

Two punnas that were born in the New York "Zoo" the other day have been christened "Bryan" and "McKinley."

The half-page photograph of the harvest scene on page 429 is by Mr. Charles Reid, of Wishaw.

ON A SPANISH FAN.

Being the Epistle that accompanied it.

Fair lady, I pray you accept
This fan that was fashioned in Spain,
Where it may have been kept
By a damsel yeleft
(And proud as) "Dear Lady Disdain."

I dream of its fanning "the fair,"
As we call every dame, though she's dark;
For none I will swear
(Save yourself) can compare
With a Spanish Señora of mark.

Or, again, for it's hard to decide,
The mythical beauty I sing
Was a picador's bride
Who applauded with pride
Her dare-devil lord in the ring.

Peradventure your fancy can trace
The owner as somebody's dear,
A-fanning her face
(Mantilla'd in lace)
To curtain a blush or a tear.

Just think of it used by the flirt
Who filled every lover with rue,
Who loved to be girt
In a petticoat skirt
That would show off her ankle and shoe.

Dear lady, whatever its tale,
I pray you accept it from me,
In hopes that you'll sail
In a favouring gale
Over life's ever-treacherous sea.

THE POET'S POSTSCRIPT TO THE READER.

*The lady I never did scan
(Though I've heard of her many a time);
For I'm not the man
Who has sent her the fan—
I only have written his rhyme.*

B.



THE SPANISH FAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A SUPPRESSED SATIRE.*

You will never have the opportunity of reading this novel, for the publishers have sent out a request to the reviewers to return it, as the author does not wish it to be put into circulation. But this satire on the "lower slopes" can hardly be dismissed in that way, even though the satire be but clumsy and feeble. Truth to tell, there is no more difficult province in literature than the art of satire; and the truth of this observation is made manifest by the extreme fewness and rarity of the



world's satirists. On the other hand, there is no limit to the number of literary fault-finders who crowd the avenues of art and letters. The fact is that the combination of strength and delicacy without which the satirist were a futile and useless thing is one seldom encountered in this chance-work world of ours. The mere exhibition of power, unless, indeed, it knows no limit in its great onslaught, goes for little in satire of any kind. The schoolboy calls his companion a fool, and strength cannot easily further go. Nor is incisiveness of avail unless it have the potency of endurance; a razor with a soft edge quickly ceases to cut. So it is by reason of its complexity that satire is a quality possessed of the very few. Juvenal had it, and Swift had it, and Voltaire had it, and Lucian had it, who knew how to create the strong and supple rapier wherewith they themselves fenced. If they were jealous, they justified their envy by their power; if they revolted from existing conventions, they no less justified their rebellion by the vitally delicate insight which, as a master of fence detects his enemy's weakness of gesture, unerringly discovered the open place that invited the lunge. In a word, a master in satire necessarily implies a master of selection and of refusal. Without such a capacity the blunderer who uses satire for the sake of venting his rather savage views upon contemporary life, so far from dealing death to his enemies, does but cast a boomerang, which returns with fatal certainty upon himself. That Mr. Harper is such a blunderer, that his effort to create a masterpiece of satire is entirely foolish and dull, let it be the task of this brief examination of his work to show.

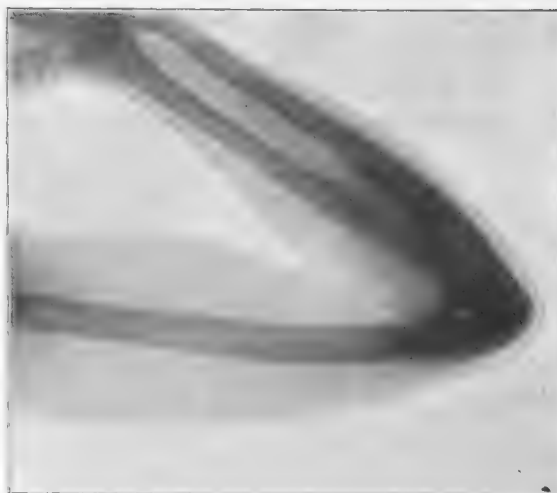
His ambition is to satirise certain aspects of literary London, aspects which are inseparable from every active literary centre, as inevitable to-day as in the day when Pope wrote "The Dunciad," when Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote," when Macaulay pilloried Robert Montgomery. Unfortunately, Mr. Harper is very far from being either a Pope, a Cervantes, or a Macaulay. His form is fiction, and this is briefly how he does it. He has a hero whom he calls "my poor Ralph" far too often, who conceives literary ambitions in the country, which he leaves (together with his cousin Nora) in order to fulfil his career in the great world, and who consequently repairs to the Metropolis in pursuit of this endeavour. By means of an immoral association, called in the book the Euterpe Club, he is log-rolled into fame, and marries a member of the Pioneer Club (actually and nominally described), with whom he had first set up a Bohemian establishment. The Euterpe Club, after a brief

career, collapses under various influences, the wife of "my poor Ralph" runs away with another, he himself falls into difficult places, and returns to the country, where, on the verge of plunging into a cattle-pond, Nora saves him by the timely suggestion, "It is such a dirty death." The result is—divorce proceedings and subsequent marriage with Nora.

In no instance does Mr. Harper persuade one that there is an inevitable growth in the narrative. There is no necessary reason for anything that happens. Take the instance of a really great satirical work by way of comparison. Swift (no less than Mr. Harper) chose to couch his message in the form of fiction. Yet with so singular a subtlety of realisation did he conceive his "Gulliver" that, whereas his incidents are frankly incredible, they have an air of verisimilitude which is irresistible; the incidents related by Mr. Harper have nothing outlandish in them, and (you would say) are antecedently not improbable. Yet not once in the course of his two hundred and eighty pages does he convince you that his story happened as he relates it. The inevitable result occurs. If he fails to make his readers so much as realise his fiction, how far behind will he leave their convictions in the transfusion of satire which he filters through his pages! It all seems so little worth while. Let us own that the world is mediocre, that each generation holds but a very few who can claim distinction and greatness, that men have ill-regulated ambitions, that the serpent must crawl in when the dove cannot persuade—what Harper from the grave is needed to tell us these things, under a tiresome disguise of pretentious fiction and of pseudo-philosophical dialogue?

But I have a still heavier charge against Mr. Harper. Lacking genius, lacking the power of convincing, he yet uses privileges that are permissible only to genius. Chief among these is the "portrait from life" of which he avails himself, and without hesitation, at every turn of fortune in the passage of his fiction. More (which is worse), he draws his portraits with an obviousness and a confident attribution of ill-motive that have no excuse either of delicate incisiveness or of common persuasiveness. The pictures, indeed, are recognisable, but the likenesses are throughout like the reflection of men's faces in a spoon, distorted and caricatured. Perhaps, however, the most ridiculous Nemesis that falls upon Mr. Harper's head is one which I have already indicated. His is a crusade for purity in life, in art, in letters. He refers bitterly to the Bohemian establishment kept by his hero and a certain Mrs. Peverell before marriage. "It is a well-known tradition," he sarcastically observes, "that to follow the liberal arts is to be emancipated from all rules that tend to fetter the conduct of life." And when the worn and battered Ralph returns to the pure, waiting country girl, this is the condition in which, a space of time having necessarily elapsed before divorce was possible, she appears on the occasion of her marriage. When on her wedding-day she came to receive the congratulations of her farm dependents, "the women whispered slyly one to another. And, indeed, the succession to the farm was obviously assured." You are prepared for this, moreover, by an incident that does not bear recounting by a decent pen. Was there ever so unhappy a satirist?

There might be something to be said in Mr. Harper's favour if he did but chance to compose pleasant, intelligent, and grammatical English. But what is to be thought of an author who describes a poet as living "in a little Olympos of his own"? or who deliberately writes: "Everyone can have more or less knowledge. They generally have more"? Or this: "She stood upon shifting sands, wandered in marshlands"? Mr. Harper supposes that the plural form of *opuscule* is *opuscule*. He deals out his pronouns thus: "He gained Ralph's friendship by suggesting that he should call at Wimpole Street and look at his collection of Elizabethan poets." His ideas upon auxiliary verbs crystallise into, "He would have dearly loved to have seen himself in print"; and he opines that one process is "different to" another. But, indeed, the book is a meadow filled with wild-flowers like these, to be plucked on every side. There let us leave it; it is not the stuff of which great satire is made; its effect is neither mortal nor murderous.



MY LADY'S ARM, SEEN BY THE RÖNTGEN RAYS.

* "Hearts Do Not Break: a Tale of the Lower Slopes," by Charles George Harper. London: Swan Paul.

THE CYCLE AND THE SERVICE.

TOMMY ATKINS AS A WHEELMAN.

The cycle is a comparative innovation in the Service; its development is as yet somewhat experimental, but there are evidences that it has come to stay. Perhaps military cycling has achieved its greatest feat in America, in the shape of the race that started from San Francisco at 4 p.m. on Aug. 25. The idea of this truly American cross-continental scurry was to send a war-message, by continuous relays of bicycle-couriers, from the Military Commandant of the State of California to the Commanding General of the Department of the East at Governor's Island, New York. The despatch was written on a plate of gold enclosed in a silver casket, the whole protected by a morocco case and carried over the courier's shoulder in a leathern despatch-bag. Once

put his stamp on the packet, and the continent awaited eagerly the break into New York. In the 2405 miles between Chicago and San Francisco a great record had been made; the time was nine days, thirteen hours. The Eastern spurt, however, was expected to be far more exciting, for there, there was a previous record, to be beaten, if possible, whereas on the Western side of the big city of the Middle West no such previous time afforded comparison. That record was 108 hours. The relay couriers determined to do their utmost, and they did. As the packet whirled Eastward Ho! public curiosity had to be gratified by bulletin-boards at all the newspaper offices. Outside the New York *Journal* office was displayed a huge diagram of the route, across which a little index bicycle-figure was ingeniously moved as the telegrams came in announcing the accomplishment of relay after relay. New York prepared a magnificent reception for the rider of the last relay. By three o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, Sept. 7, more than ten thousand people had gathered opposite the New York *Journal* office, eagerly expectant, for



CYCLISTS OF THE FIRST VOLUNTEER BATTALION OF THE NORFOLK REGIMENT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THIELE AND CO., CHANCERY LANE.

started, the message was never to be permitted to stop, and did not, except where accidents presented temporary obstacles.

Two mere youngsters rode the first relay on a tandem. They began a great enterprise which was soon to set the States in a fever of excitement. As interest increased in the "*Journal-Examiner-Yellow Fellow* Transcontinental Relay," cities, towns, and villages became madly eager that they should be included in the route, in order that the couriers of their section should earn kudos. Plots were formed to further this laudable end, and Salt Lake City suffered. By that time the Press and public were at white heat. On Aug. 30 the New York *Journal*, a principal promoter of the scheme, flared out with head-lines telling how Ogden had kidnapped the Message, dodged through Canyons at daybreak, and left Salt Lake out. Governor Wells and thousands of citizens vainly waited at the Capitol. This was a reprisal for an original scheme to abduct the Message across the desert, and the scheme succeeded, though it took some breakneck riding to do it. All Ogden City knew the plot, but kept dark, and so Salt Lake wept saltier tears. And that, as the head-lines declared, was how "the Bold, Bad Ogden Men Stole Salt Lake's Glory."

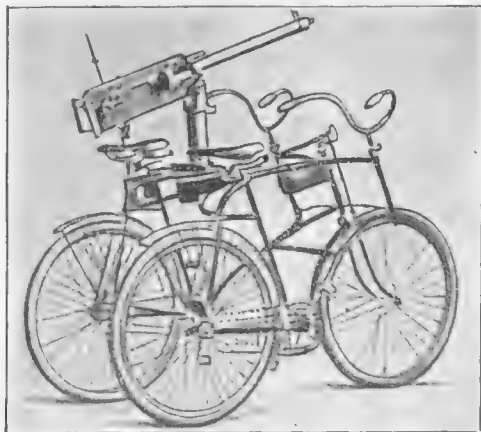
On the packet flew, meeting numberless vicissitudes, but never suffered to lag seriously. At 3 o'clock a.m. on Sept. 4 the Chicago Postmaster

the packet was known to be at hand. At 3.25, sure enough, three cyclists appeared riding at breakneck speed along the "downtown" Broadway Cable Car track. Suddenly two of the three struck off the direct route and took the prohibited Broad Walk at City Hall Park Plaza. The police swooped down on them, but the crowd, madly demonstrative, closed about these wheelmen, all unheeding the third rider, who, keeping the prescribed route, rode at terrific speed to the very steps of the *Journal* office. That bicyclist, the crowd discovered later, was the rider of the last relay—Courier Fred J. Titus, the hero of the Riverside wheelmen, who, a moment later, appeared on the *Journal* balcony in the act of unslinging the worn and battered despatch-case, with its multitude of post-marks, at length safely arrived in the Empire City. To Governor's Island the war-message went by water-bicycle from the Battery. The time from San Francisco to New York was 13 days 29 min. 4½ sec. From Chicago to New York the message travelled in 81 hours 24 min. 4½ sec., thus beating the previous record of 108 hours by 26 hours 35 min. 55½ sec. The event was celebrated in New York by colossal illuminated bicycle procession, also organised by the *Journal*, which claimed to have established not only a transcontinental chain of couriers, but a transcontinental chain of heroes.

In this country the cycle has not been utilised in the army to the

same extent as it has on the Continent. Lord Wolseley, indeed, has almost an aversion for the wheel. But in these times the spirit of exaggerated torism is fast dying, and such men as the Duke of Connaught, Lord Roberts, and Sir Evelyn Wood have actually contracted a bad attack of cycling fever. Indeed, the Commander-in-Chief himself, though he chaffingly says that as long as he can mount a horse he will not learn to ride a bicycle, is greatly interested in military cycling, and does much to encourage it. Whether, when no longer able to ride, he will himself take to cycling, remains to be seen.

It was the Volunteers who first took to the wheel, and the enormous progress that they have made was illustrated at a recent gymkhana,



A GUN ON A TRICYCLE.

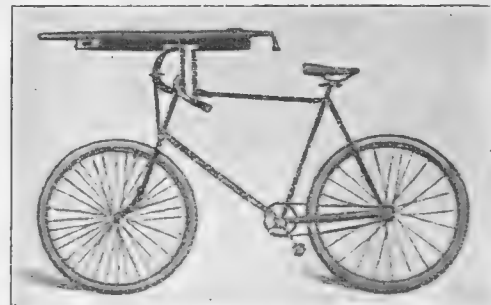
in which members of the First Volunteer Battalion of the Norfolk Regiment, presented in a photograph on the previous page, took part. One of the most interesting feats was the cleaving of the "Turk's head" by a corps of wheelmen, while cycling at full speed, instead of galloping on horseback. A vast amount of interest in this event was displayed by military men as well as by civilians, and by competitors and spectators alike.

To cleave these heads

while riding a bicycle appears to the casual observer to be a feat more easy to accomplish under such circumstances than if the competitor were riding a horse. As a fact, it is a feat infinitely harder to perform under the first-named conditions. The riding competitor can, for instance, swing himself about in the saddle with impunity; not so the man upon a bicycle. A sudden jerk, even a slight movement of the body, may then upset his balance and bring about a terrible fall.

Bicycle races also are becoming more and more popular among the Regulars, and next year cycling gymkhanas will be organised by all regiments quartered in the United Kingdom and by many of the regiments stationed abroad. The horse, of course, will never lose his popularity so long as England is a nation of sportsmen, and that will be for ever. But there is no reason that the wheel should not also receive in the Service the amount of attention due to it, and without a doubt it

The developments of the cycle have for the last ten years been studied with the closest interest by the military authorities of Germany. Rapid transport of light artillery has repeatedly been demonstrated to be a most valuable aid in warfare, and some of the greatest battles of modern times have been decided by the use of horse-artillery, a branch of the Service first brought into prominence by Frederick the Great. The construction of light guns of the Maxim type has at last given the cycle firms a chance, and they have not been slow in availing themselves of the opportunities, and we are now in possession of a large number of different forms of gun-bearing cycles, which look distinctly more deadly than the harmless roadster. Long ago a great future for cycles in carrying despatches was foreseen, but even the most sanguine and advanced strategists looked with suspicion upon the cycle as a means of carrying instruments of warfare. Of course, the main difficulty has been to construct a cycle and a gun of a given weight which could be driven by one or two men, and even the most modern types of military cycles approach the limit of weight which can be propelled by human beings for any length of time. The accompanying illustrations show some of the types



A GUN ON A BICYCLE.

used in the Continental armies. Others are ordinary tandems, the steerer being armed with a carbine, the back rider with a heavy revolver. A few are safeties, with quick-firing guns fixed between the handles. The Colt system of gun has been largely used in this type. One of the most convenient forms of military cycle is the so-called duplex safety with one steering-wheel, which can be worked by either of the riders. In this case the gun is fixed between the hind wheels, where it has a firm support on a broad base. The width of the cycle also renders the transport of a large amount of ammunition possible without too great a strain being put on the strength of the riders. The Rudge-Whitworth Company manufacture a tandem tricycle, which is cleverly fitted with two Maxims ready for action. There is also ample means for carrying a large supply of ammunition. The entire weight is over two hundred pounds, so that a high degree of speed can scarcely be expected from it; but its stability is said to be great. As in the ordinary field Maxim, the gunners sit behind to steady the gun, which is worked by its own recoil. With practice the instrument can be made ready for



FRENCH SOLDIERS ON THE MARCH.

will, if things progress as they are doing at present, for soldiers, in the words of the music-hall nightmare, "know a good thing when they see it." Nevertheless, it is difficult to imagine what Army men of twenty years—of ten years—ago would have said had anybody dared to prophesy that in the year 1896 "the Rag"—better known among civilians as the Army and Navy Club—would daily be desecrated by having some eight or ten shining cycles leaning in a row against its classic walls, "wheels," as Mr. Tattersall would put it, "regularly ridden by officers in the Army."

action in two minutes by the riders themselves, but, as a rule, ammunition cycles would be used to accompany it, and the assistance of the cyclists of the latter could be utilised. Still, all these machines are on trial, and it is only when they have been thoroughly tested in actual warfare that they will either be kept or rejected as things of no use. On a flat and easy country their rapidity of transport would be in their favour, but on hilly ground it is difficult to imagine that they could be ridden at all, and this, of course, would minimise their utility to a very great extent.

France has also adopted the cycle on a large scale. The official responsible for the high state of efficiency to which cyclists have attained among the Tommy Atkinses of France is a comparatively young man, Capitaine Gérard, a mechanical genius of a rare order. To him has been confided the onerous task of forming a Cycling Battalion, and this will probably form one of the most curious sights seen by the Czar during his forthcoming visit to Paris. Of course, Capitaine Gérard and his superiors have not been the first to see the value of the bicycle from a military point of view. General Ploutzensky, a distinguished Russian

pointed out that there are hundreds of nooks and corners, especially in a hilly and rocky country, where a cyclist can lie hidden completely in the very spot where a horseman would become a target. Then, again, the iron horse is absolutely silent and quiescent, and it is impossible to persuade even the best-trained cavalry horse to refrain from tramping with his feet. In addition to the folding power of the Gérard machine, many other improvements are claimed for it. Probably the French inventor has utilised many of the most notable of recent inventions, and particularly those which tend to make bicycles



THE CYCLE CARRIED.

soldier, considers that the once despised velocipede is of itself a formidable engine of war, and Capitaine Gérard thoroughly agrees with him. Instead of training his corps simply with a view to carrying messages, and acting as connecting links from one body of troops to another, he has taken up the attitude that they will be called upon to take a very active part on the field of battle, and one among other exercises gone through daily by his men is that of "dismounting" and firing at an imaginary enemy. Thanks also to an invention patented by Capitaine Gérard, the cycling soldier can, when ordered to do so, fold his machine in two and gaily walk off with it strapped on to his back; and it is claimed that *la bicyclette* when so folded is far less heavy than is the average knapsack. Those who have seen Capitaine Gérard's battalion at work declare that, before many years are out, cavalry, as we now understand the term, will have become as extinct as armour. It is

lighter and smaller. There is no doubt that, if Capitaine Gérard or any other cycling enthusiast could discover a means of making the machine stand upright of itself, he would have solved one of the most painful and difficult problems of modern warfare—the cavalry horse, his training and ultimate fate on the battle-field. Every Continental army has its own theories about the value of the cycle in warfare. British and German experts hope for a great future in gun-bearing cycles; but French authorities claim, with some show of justice, that the bicycle is, after all, a delicate instrument, easily put out of order or rendered temporarily useless. Each member of Capitaine Gérard's Cycling Battalion has been taught something of the mechanism of his machine, and he is encouraged to seek an explanation of anything he does not understand from his chief, who, with characteristic French enthusiasm, has thrown his whole heart and soul into his novel form of "duty."



CYCLISTS IN FIGHTING ORDER.

SOME LONDON PUBLISHERS.

XV.—MR. WALTER SCOTT.

Mr. Walter Scott, mainly known to the public at large as a publisher, is one of those fortunate men who have made their way from small fortunes to great; he is, in fact, what is anomalously called a "self-made man." Born in 1826 in Abbey Town, a remote village in Cumberland, he became, at an early age, an apprentice to a local builder. When twenty-two his fates called him to Newcastle-on-Tyne; here he laid the foundation of his divers enterprises, and in that city he has been a well-known figure ever since. Unromantic as it may sound to the many who associate the name of Walter Scott with fine things in literature, the prosaic fact remains that the publishing of books is, as it were, only an incidental among Mr. Scott's enterprises; he has, in fact, had to do, besides with the multiplying of books, with the making of many other things—from soaps to cathedrals. To sketch the gradual but certain elevation of this publisher's career would occupy too much space, suffice to say that what is known as "contracting" largely occupies his attention, many of his contracts running into millions; that on the face of Newcastle, where he has erected chapels, churches, theatres, hotels (the architecturally famous Portico of the Central Station being of his erection, also the new palatial Central Station Hotel of that city), he has widely set his mark, as well as on the face of the country generally, as a constructor of docks, piers, railways, and the like. He is the fortunate possessor of divers collieries, of—to continue the list—steel, iron, and chemical-works, quarries, and brick-works. And yet he dabbles in books also. It will thus be seen that Mr. Scott is singularly catholic in his undertakings.

He started publishing, about fourteen years ago, at Felling, which is a sufficiently grimy little spot on the south bank of the Tyne—what Cobbett would call a "Hell-hole." It was at Felling that the "Series" idea originated with the publication of the first volumes of the "Canterbury Poets" (of which the sale has been about a million), followed shortly by the "Great Writers" and the "Camelot Classics," now the "Scott Library" (of which the sale has exceeded a million copies), and of the "Contemporary Science Series," designed to popularise the best that has been said and is known in modern science. In this series appeared Weismann's famous work on the mysterious "Germ-Plasm." Then followed the publication of translations of the works of Tolstoy on an extensive scale, then of Ibsen (whom other publishers had hesitated to touch), and of numerous other English and Continental writers. Tolstoy, before this little known to English readers, rapidly took up his position with us as a great writer. Probably the literary value merely of Tolstoy's work in fiction did not account for this, but rather his gradually spreading fame as a unique religious teacher. The sale of Ibsen's "Prose Dramas," translated mostly by Mr. William Archer, rapidly ran into large figures, and has probably exceeded immeasurably that of the works of any other foreign dramatist published in England. The insight of Mr. Scott's firm was shown by their taking up Ibsen just on the tide of the Ibsen "boom," and reaping much advantage thereby. It should be remembered, despite the extent to which the realistic spirit now pervades our fiction, that what is popularly called "realism," namely, a delineation of life as faithfully as possible under the conditions of art, as it actually is, rather than the delineation of a fancy world which the writer has more or less invented for himself, is a comparatively new thing in our literature. To confirm this it is sufficient to recall that among the first of English so-called "Realists" was Mr. George Moore: a few years back the author of "Esther Waters," despite the quality of his earlier work, had little but aspersion to contend with. The firm of Walter Scott recognised the then almost unique position which Mr. Moore's work occupied in English fiction, and seeing the gap which this work filled, took over the publication of several of his

books. There is a romantic reaction going on just now—there will always be romantic or other reactions—but, in the long run, people will be most interested in the depiction of life as it actually is. Mr. Scott's view of Mr. Moore's literary position was shortly after justified by the immense popularity of "Esther Waters"; now, Mr. Moore's work, so far as its "realism" is concerned, has lost its conspicuousness in the general stream of tendency towards a truer depiction of life among our novelists, dramatists, and writers generally. What we wish to lead up to with this is that, despite the miscellaneousness of Mr. Scott's publications, there has been in them throughout an underlying element of homogeneity: that is to say, that his house saw that there was a gap unfilled for the majority of English readers, and proceeded to fill that gap with various writers, English and foreign, Tolstoy and Ibsen being the most notable of these. It is when a publisher surveys the field of literature, perceives where gaps are unfilled, pre-calculates on literary tendencies, and carefully keeps his finger on the literary pulse of the public, that publishing becomes something more than a trade and something of an art.

Mr. Walter Scott produces his books at Felling; he distributes them from Paternoster Square, and from New York and Melbourne, where he has branches. Though so remote from the great centres in point of distance, what with the telegraph and telephone, distance is now of little count, and the offices of the firm in this out-of-the-way spot of hillside at Felling are practically, and to all intents and purposes, in Fleet Street. At the works at Felling everything in the production of a book is undertaken except the manufacture of the raw material, such as paper, cloth, and the like. Here are compositors, readers, artists, printers and printing-machines, an army of girls who fold and sew sheets, gilders, binders, and the rest. The output in fairly good times amounts to about three thousand books a-day, eighteen thousand a-week, or nearly a million volumes a-year.

All this, as may readily be surmised, requires some looking after, and demands not a little energy on the part of Mr. Walter Scott's heads of departments. Mr. Scott himself has now reached a ripe age, though he looks a much younger man; his enterprise and success in such multifarious directions are a testimony to his extraordinary shrewdness and commanding ability as a leader of industry. Personally, he is a very unassuming, quiet man, who bears lightly his heavy responsibilities, and the extent of whose business operations has left him but little time to devote to public life. Perhaps, if he regret this, he may derive some consolation from the fact that his name is

known to a world of interested readers, and that, if he have not taken personally an active part in public life, he has yet, indirectly, through the medium of his publications, no doubt influenced that public life appreciably.

MISS VIOLET LLOYD.

"The Geisha" appears to have proved as great a hit at Daly's Theatre, New York, as at Daly's, Leicester Square. Indeed, the piece would prove successful almost anywhere, for it is intrinsically beautiful and its music is delightfully catchy. In America the tricky little part of Molly Seamore is being played by Miss Violet Lloyd, who understudied Miss Letty Lind in London. She is very clever, and seems to have quite captivated her American audiences, though it is difficult for the Londoner to dissociate the lightsome Letty from the part which she plays to such perfection. The American critics love to ridicule English successes if they can. Some of them, indeed, approach the whole subject in the very worst of taste. It says all the more, then, for "The Geisha" that the New York critics have vied with each other in praise of the pretty play which tells the story of the Tea-House of Ten Thousand Joys.



MR. WALTER SCOTT.



MISS VIOLET LLOYD IN "THE GEISHA," AT NEW YORK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE EGBO SECRET SOCIETY OF WEST AFRICA.

In the Niger Coast Protectorate on the Quô-Iboe River, at least thirty miles inland, there exists an African Secret Society called the Egbo. It belongs to the Ibîbîo tribe, the language of which is Ibîbîo, and which is situated between the Quô and the Iboe tribes. The Egbo Society is partly religious, and possesses many peculiarities that are almost Masonic; but its tenets are very much those of the Thugs of India, only perhaps less well defined. It possesses three grades, through which all those who aspire to its highest grade must pass, undergoing strange proofs of their qualification, and paying certain sums to the priests of the society on entering and passing from grade to grade. Its principal festivals are on the occasions of the planting and the digging up of the yams; these "customs," as they are called by the white man, are respectively in November and in the summer, and during their continuance processions, dances, and the consumption of trade gin manifest the presence of the Egbo Society. At these times they will attack and even kill people in the "bush," but leave unmolested the white man; watchers are placed on the paths, and if one of the latter is seen the members of the society are warned and hide themselves in the thickets beneath the mighty trees, but woe to any native passing that way. Black wooden masks with horns, some of them possessing movable jaws, are worn at these times by the leaders, and no woman dare look upon these masks, whether in use or not, for if she sees one of the society wearing the mask she dies instantly, and, if nature does not thus allow her to fall in with the prescribed results of seeing the said magic mask, she is promptly killed as an example to others. When the members of the society are out in their feather-and-grass dresses, with their bows

generous gift of the two idols and the mask that are shown in the illustration. No ordinary traveller could obtain these, as they, and in particular the masks, are regarded with very great veneration and jealously guarded and hidden, and it is only owing to his long residence, first in Dahomey and then in the Niger Coast Protectorate, and to the great respect shown him by the natives, that he has managed to obtain these and other interesting objects belonging to the society. Having brought the two idols to England with me, I left them a few days at the British Museum, where Mr. Charles Reed, Assistant Keeper of the Ethnographical Department, was kind enough to express a wish to have them photographed.

H. P. FITZ-GERALD MARRIOTT.

THE "ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE."

Enlarged, improved, and dressed in a new coloured cover, the *English Illustrated Magazine* for October has struck out for a new lease of life, and means to hold the public equally with its younger rivals. The new cover, by Mr. Robert Sauber, at once takes your eye. It shows a stately old beau apparently starting for his afternoon saunter in the Mall, for the final brushing is being given to his velvet coat by the prettiest of waiting-maids, pranked in the most fascinating of Watteau costumes. And then within this dainty cover you find an admirably varied budget of pictures, stories, and entertaining articles. Mr. Clark Russell, forsaking fiction for the nonce, discusses the future of "Poor Jack," and his somewhat alarmist account of our present Mercantile Marine is of almost painful topical interest at the present moment. The "Morning Call" is



AFRICAN IDOLS AND MASK.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

and arrows, which they always carry on these occasions, they progress in a sort of dancing step. Those wearing masks alter the sound of their voices and utter squeaking tones, and even use a different dialect. It will be remembered how, in the carnivals in Europe, masqueraders speak in falsetto voices, and raise a curious cry. Men with whips make way for the procession, which comes along dancing and shouting, and all the women and children keep inside their dwellings.

In the "ju-ju" houses of worship are wooden statues, to which great veneration is paid. A spirit is supposed to inhabit them, and skulls, eggs, food, and other objects are placed in front of them. Through these idols divination is practised by the Egbo Society; questions regarding stolen goods and the fidelity of wives are those to which they have constantly to give replies. The statue invariably answers correctly. I have two of these useful heads. Mr. Van de Poel, who has lived twenty-three years in the West of Africa, and resides on his coffee-plantation among these people, lost three guns. He applied to the Consul without success; he then appealed to the native king, equally without success; and then he sent for one of the Egbo chiefs, gave him a fee, and asked him to find the guns. A ceremony with the statues took place, and the thief and the guns were found. These images have two faces each, which are painted white, this being the religious, "fetish," or "ju-ju" colour; their eyes are metal, and one mouth shows the tip of a tongue, while the other is carved to exhibit merely a row of teeth, signifying the male and female; on the centre of the forehead and on the side of the face are raised tattoo-marks, denoting the family of the worshipper, and on the cheek are three or four paint-marks such as those with which he equally adorns his own face. Councils are held in the "ju-ju" houses; the Idiong Society meet here: they are not necessarily Egbos, but they grant degrees in chieftainship and enact laws. The Government is endeavouring to suppress the Egbo Society; but yet it has its uses, as without it labourers could not be obtained, for the young men all wish to enter it, and for this reason are willing to work and earn money till they can buy themselves Egbo degrees. It is to Mr. Van de Poel that I owe the

paid to "The Man on the Monument"—in other words, is a record of an interesting chat with the old keeper whose duty it is to show sightseers one of the quaintest shows of London Town, and who, according to Mr. G. E. Mitton, is a veritable Saint Simon Stylites, for he has held his elevated post during the last thirty years. Mr. S. L. Bensusan, who has already done good work in exposing the cruelties too often inflicted by animal-trainers on the poor creatures who ultimately become a source of enormous profit, deals exhaustively with the Training of Child Acrobats. Miss Annie S. Peck describes her ascent of the Matterhorn, a feat before which many a New Woman might fairly tremble. "The Dead on the Battlefields of the Crimea" has inspired the veteran artist Mr. William Simpson with a telling retrospective account of what war really means, while his colleague Mr. Melton Prior gives his impressions of the Transvaal. Fiction is represented by a whimsical tale written in Mr. Andrew Lang's most whimsical manner, admirably illustrated by Mr. Dudley Hardy, and entitled "The Wisest Aunt Telling the Saddest Tale"; a lively cycling story by Miss Niles Leeds; a historical study, "The Cloth-Yard Shaft: a Tale of Crecy," by Mr. J. D. Symon, forming one of a series of stories on British battles; and yet another addition to popular historical fiction in "A Man of Feeling: an Episode of the Guillotine," by Mr. Harold Spender. Most people, however, will probably turn to the last article in the lengthy list of contents, for in it Mr. John Ashton has summarised admirably some of the more interesting and striking changes which have taken place during "The Longest Reign in English History," and the illustrations, reproduced from some of the earlier numbers of the *Illustrated London News*, are of peculiar value to those interested—and who is not?—in Queen Victoria's early life and personal history. The writer shrewdly points out the extraordinary development of the newspaper and periodical press, and it is somewhat terrifying to learn, on his authority, that the magazines now in the course of publication number two thousand and eighty-one, of which more than four hundred and eighty-seven are of a decidedly religious character. The *English Illustrated* itself means business.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Reproduced herewith is Greuze's most charming "Girl with a Dove," from Mr. R. S. Halford's collection, the photograph being by Messrs. Lombardi and Co., Pall Mall East. The figure of the girl, a study in boldly delicate curves, harmonises, and with singular elegance of effect, with the gentle form of the bird, which has been very cleverly studied. It may be well here to mention that a whole series of photogravures are being published by Messrs. Lombardi. The subjects have been selected

numerous works of art can be seen, may be cordially commended to all who take any interest in the development of photography.

Mr. Heinemann announces for publication next month a large Art book on Meissonier. The volume will contain a monograph on the master, and *pensées* taken partly from note-books and jotted down partly by Madame Meissonier, under whose superintendence the volume has



A GIRL WITH A DOVE.—GREUZE (IN MR. R. S. HALFORD'S COLLECTION).
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LOMBARDI AND CO., PALL MALL EAST.

from many valuable negatives, numbering some three to four thousand, which they have in their possession of the various galleries and collections. These were principally taken by Signor Caldesi, who was the founder of this firm, and consist of specimens from the British Museum, the National Gallery, Turners, Farnley Hall, Dudley, Hertford, Buckingham Palace Galleries, Westminster Abbey, Manchester Art Treasures collection, Sir Joshua Reynolds', and the Historical Portrait Gallery. In addition to their large publishing business, Messrs. Lombardi have a very extensive business as photographers, and a visit to their well-known studios, where photographs of the different collections and

been prepared. The book will contain between forty and fifty plates and several hundreds of illustrations in the text, including very many unknown sketches and drawings in the possession of the widow and others. There will be an ordinary edition at a moderate price, and an *édition de luxe* on Japanese vellum, with duplicate plates on India paper.

At 175, New Bond Street, the Society of Miniature-Painters has just opened its doors to the public to view its first exhibition. The result is extremely satisfactory. Miniature-painting in this country has fallen somewhat into the sere, the yellow leaf. In itself an art of charming



THE SHIPWRECK.

A Photographic Study by J. Cooper, Barrow.

possibilities, the very commonness of its popularity killed its excellence. The miniature as it came to exist half a century ago had, in a word, fallen into the paths of convention. There was an agreement among dabblers in its manufacture that the mouth should always be so long, the eyes always so big, the lips always so full. Then a sense of humour appeared upon the scene, and the miniature died.

It is, therefore, all the more delightful that a resurrection of the art should come now, when there is no bad tradition to hamper its activity or its movement. No less is it agreeable to record that the best work,

without any question, exhibited to-day at Bond Street is by ladies. Miss Nora Jones and Miss Gibson are especially excellent. Both have grasped in a full and satisfactory completeness the meaning and limitation of miniature-painting. It is so easy to scamp work produced on so small a scale that it is a great pleasure to find that the labours of both these ladies are characterised by an exceptional attention to detail; at the same time, there is no endeavour to crowd the small space at their disposal. If not the work of genius, these contributions are marked by great and singular talent.

Both Mr. H. R. Robertson and Mr. Dampier May contribute finely careful examples of their art. Mr. May's "Study of a Child's Head" is particularly good, although the red is, perhaps, a trifle dreary. Some objection has been made that it can scarcely be called a miniature at all; and, indeed, the exhibition does not pretend to be entirely devoted to miniature. Water-colour, etchings, and silver-points abound. With these there is no necessity to deal separately; but it may be recorded that this is a show which should on no account be missed.

Reproduced herewith are two photographs which might almost deserve to rank as pictures, selected, chosen, and differentiated by an artist in black-and-white. "The Fall of the Leaf," a wood bare and shorn of foliage, becomes a quiet, restrained, and suggestive composition. The trees uprear their branches, sparse of leaf, admirably composing the one with the other. The scene has been photographed by Mr. J. T. Newman, of Berkhamstead. The second photograph is of "The Shipwreck," by Mr. J. Cooper, of Barrow. The hills surround the basin of the sea, flecked by light and shadow, and in that water the dismal vessel appears. In the composition everything has been done to secure artistic and significant details.



THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY J. T. NEWMAN, BERKHAMSTEAD.



PETS OF "MONTE CARLO," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

A CHAT WITH THE KEEPER OF THE "KINGS."

Photographs by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

A tall, black-bearded man (writes a *Sketch* representative) stood inside the iron bar that runs in front of the cages from end to end of the Lion-house at the "Zoo," and pleasantly answered the numerous questions of an old German professor, who kept busily readjusting his spectacles with one hand, while in the other he carried a dripping mackintosh. The drizzling rain had continued without until all was bedraggled and dispiriting, and its influence seemed even to have spread within the Lion-house to the youthful artists, who went about their work in a half-hearted way, and to the languid and lifeless-looking "sitters" within the cages.

"How do the lions take to this sort of weather, Mr. Robinson?" I asked the keeper, taking advantage of a lull in the Professor's cross-examination.

"Pretty much as we do ourselves," he replied; "they get limp and listless; but a blink of sunshine would make them happy as crickets again. The wet weather doesn't keep them from remembering that meal-time is at hand, though. Look at Mona there; she is in a perfect state of fidgets. She knows as well as an old horse, on its last homeward furrow for the day, that it is time dinner was served."

"How many meals a-day do you give them, Mr. Robinson?" was my next inquiry.

"Only one; but then, it is a fairly substantial meal of from eight to ten pounds of flesh each. It does not take long to make it disappear either. We have to be particular in seeing that they get a fair allowance of bone with it, for that keeps their teeth and stomachs in good condition. They have sound appetites, I can tell you."

"They seem all in wonderfully fine condition at present," I observed.

"They are evidently beginning to take on their sleek winter coats. But, I suppose, at times they do fall sick? How do you manage to physic them?"

"There is not much difficulty with that," replied the keeper. "Simple purges are the most that they need, and our patients never know that they are under treatment, for we hide the medicine in their ordinary food. Yes, they have quite wonderful health; some of them



BRUTUS, PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN BY THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

live with us for nearly twenty years, and most of them for over ten."

"Do you ever need to resort to such stringent measures as these?" I asked, showing him an American paper containing a sensational picture of a great lion elaborately tied down with ropes, and a surgeon with his forceps extracting a gigantic molar.

"Well, I shouldn't like to practise as a dentist on the lion. They do at times suffer from toothache, but they soon get better. Occasionally,

however, we have to pare their claws for them, and that is quite as exciting an undertaking. You see those big trunks of trees in the corners of their cages, now clawed down to mere spindles of tattered wood? Well, these are the lions' nail-scissors. If a lion neglects to whittle away his claws on these, as decently mannered lions should do every morning, they grow round and round till they actually pierce the flesh of the paw, and then we have to do his toilet for him. It isn't such a difficult operation, after all. We throw him first, just behind the bars, an inviting morsel, and, when he comes to take it, slip a lasso over his head, and then two or three of us pull him gently but firmly against the bars. He objects a bit, of course; but that does not prevent us from slipping smaller nooses over his paws and pulling them outside the bars, where we hold them till we have removed the offending claws."



VICTOR, THE QUEEN'S LION.

I asked if his patients were, as a rule, as grateful as that of Androcles, but Mr. Robinson does not pin his faith to the gratitude of lions. He went, however, to one cage after another, and lions and lionesses came rubbing their noses and sides against his hand, evidently enjoying being fondled by him. "Some are good-natured, some are not," he said; "but not one has a reliable temper. No, I don't fancy lion-taming; there is no security that even the best-natured won't turn on you at any minute."

"But are not the animals born and brought up in captivity more reliable than those caught wild?" was my next question.

rather an evil history. Perhaps you may remember, he turned and killed his keeper at the Agricultural Hall last Christmas. He came here a poor skeleton, covered with a mangy skin. Now look at him! He is fat and sleek and contented."

"How has it been done?" I queried.

"Well," returned Mr. Robinson smilingly, "it is the old story over again—the influence of the opposite sex. That lioness took him in hand on his arrival and soon licked him into shape, so that now he is just as obedient and henpecked a husband as could be found in all England."

"Why," said I, "that lioness is exactly the sort of animal to form



VICTOR AND KITTY, PRESENTED BY THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Well, we have had all sorts here, but the one is not a bit more reliable than the other. It is curious, too," he added, "that they grow up in captivity just as big, strong, and well-developed as in their native haunts. Look at Victor there; he is as fine a specimen as we have ever had, quite as good as the much-talked-of Prince or Duke."

The fact that they have never managed to breed lions here, while they have been very successfully bred in Dublin, I knew to be rather a sore point at the "Zoo," and I was rather afraid to broach the subject to Mr. Robinson. I summoned up courage, however, and he frankly admitted the failure, but he added that they hoped for success in the future, and said the failure was probably owing to the soil and surroundings, and certainly not to any lack of management.

"This lion here," said he, taking me to another cage, "is a beast of

the nucleus of one of Herr Carl Hagenbeck's happy families. She would keep law and order in her household."

"Well, there is no doubt," replied the keeper, "that Herr Hagenbeck's idea of a happy family of wild animals of many sorts, all living together in a large cage, is a very good one. The animals have much more liberty, and live longer than when they are confined in pairs. But there is one important drawback. They all want to play the part of judge, and when they cannot all become judges, they take upon themselves the office of executioner, and then the happy family is ended."

"Ever been bitten or had any mishap with your charges, Mr. Robinson?" I asked.

"Never," he replied; and I bade him good-bye, wishing he would always fare as well.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is a comfort in these days of rumours of wars and general threatenings of armed nations to find that British officers are capable of a good deal of hard work and skilful direction—the kind of toil that makes a campaign a success far more than mere fighting powers. The success of the Dongola Expedition, now assured, is the completion of a notable bit of work, done in the teeth of difficulties of all sorts that would have broken the heart of an ordinary general and the spirit of an ordinary army. But Fuzzy-Wuzzy the faithful, knowing his drill and his weapon, and the regenerated fellahs, charging to kill instead of huddling together to be killed, as in the old days of Hicks Pasha, have come manfully through an experience not much better in its conditions than the miserable French Madagascar Expedition, but, so far, widely different in its results. If there was no malarial fever, there was cholera enough; the Dervishes were still courageous and well led, though without the old spirit and the old numbers—still, an enemy other than the futile Hovas. Wherefore the French Press is not pleased, and renews its cavils at the expedition; and apparently deems that France has earned the Khedive's eternal gratitude by persistently preventing him from spending his own surplus on reconquering his own provinces with his own army.

Apparently, the Austrian papers have discovered that England is not altogether a compound of Pecksniff and Apollyon, going about hypocritically and seeking what she may devour. Or is it that the pecuniary equivalent of all the abuse lately heaped on perfidious Albion has been discontinued for the time? Or has some able Austro-Hungarian editor mustered up sufficient wit to see that saying Ditto to Russia is not precisely the most healthy policy for the Dual or Sextuple Empire? In any case, one is glad that some persons, at least, are returning to a practical view of the situation. Albion may be perfidious at times; but in the present particular case it was not the English Government that instructed its envoy to join in stern warnings and even threats to the Sultan, and then sent privately to the Porte not to be alarmed, for it was not serious, and would not allow others to be serious in carrying out their threats!

It was not our Government that did this; but unless the facts of the case lie, Russia did play this double part, either by her own envoys or by those of her outlying province, France. And then the organs of these two precious Governments talk about perfidious Albion! It reminds me of a story of the Crimean War, when an English correspondent came upon a Zouave looting—or trying to loot—a deserted Russian house. Unfortunately, the owners had removed not only themselves, but all articles of value. Turning to the friendly journalist for sympathy, the angry Frenchman exclaimed, "Sacrés something-or-other de brigands! Ils ont volé tout!" It is some such perverted point of view from which Continental critics detect our perfidy. The Ambassadors of all the Great Powers asked for reforms and protection for the Armenians. The Sultan gave illusory promises, and permitted and encouraged massacres. The Ambassadors unitedly declared that if more massacres occurred the consequences to the Porte might be serious. Another massacre came about in the capital itself. England then proposed—presumably—that the six Great Powers should take steps to fulfil their unanimous threat, and make matters unpleasant for the Sultan. Five, or perhaps only four, hung back from admitting that they meant what they said. Yet, somehow or other, it is the one country that tried, however feebly, to keep its word that is denounced as perfidious.

It is singular that those who are generally wishing to cut down or impair our army and navy should now be clamouring for a course that might lead to war. It is also singular that the party most prone to take offence and advise war is now urging caution and restraint, and looking somewhat too carefully at the strength that may, can, could, would, or should be united against us. I still do not think that the passage of the Dardanelles would lead to a general European war; but it might lead to a partial massacre of Christians, Armenian and otherwise, and to the occupation of Constantinople by Russian troops, called in by the distracted Sultan. After which, who knows? More than this would scarcely happen. Russia will hardly wage war (when her armaments are not quite complete too) in defence of Yildiz Kiosk. France, once Russia's rival for the affections of the Eastern Christians, will follow Russia's lead. Italy is with us in feeling, and might be altogether with us if we revived the old policy of a subsidy; and Germany and Austria will certainly not wage war on their own ally. If Russia wants war with us, she can invent or find a dozen pretexts in Central Asia. If France is "blue-moulded for want of a bating," Egypt is a grievance ready-made. And we may be sure that if these two nations are bent on going to war with us, they will be at some trouble to invent a better *casus belli* than their new-born zeal for "the Assassin."

If they do not want a war, then they will not fight, nor, in all probability, will they let the Turks fight, merely because our fleet comes up the Dardanelles. Italian and American ships with ours would be, no doubt, very useful. For Russia to go to war with either of these countries is unlikely in the extreme; and if she did, we should have a coalition.

MARMITON.

"CYMBELINE," AT THE LYCEUM.

If I were not "Monocle," I think I should like to be one of those who sat or stood for twelve hours outside the Lyceum Theatre, in order to get a good place for the first night of "Cymbeline." How delightful to have such enthusiasm—to be able to endure so long contented by the thought that in eleven hours one will see Sir Henry Irving in the somewhat uninteresting part of Iachimo, in another ten Miss Ellen Terry as the delightful Imogen, in another nine Mr. Frank Cooper in a much-abbreviated version of Posthumus! What has the poor critic to set against such enthusiasm—his books, his reading and re-reading of the play, and notes, prefaces, introductions, and commentaries, and analyses? It seems to me that the young lady with intellectual face, *pince-nez*, camp-stool, and copy of the *Daily Mail*, graphically described in that paper by "A. A. B.," has the best of it.

I, alas! could only bring a little barren knowledge unadorned by enthusiasm. "Cymbeline" may hardly deserve the contempt of Dr. Johnson; certainly it has scant title to the lavish admiration of others. The more one thinks, the more contemptible and unworthy of Imogen's love seems her husband, and the less likely does it appear that Iachimo would have risked the loss of so large a sum on such a hopeless wager. It was, curiously enough, the will of the management to emphasise the improbability of the wager. Sir Henry Irving played the part of Iachimo not as a mad, hot-brained fellow, but as a calculating man, coldly malicious and evil. Could one have learnt that he already had seen Imogen, and, loving her fiercely, sought in the wager a means of getting access to her and opportunity, belief in this Iachimo would have been the easier.

It is a peculiarity of the piece—some may see in it an admission of weakness—that attention is certainly taken off the main subject to the subsidiary plots, which are of little human interest. However, one result of this is that the unpleasantness of the Boccaccio theme is minimised. Fancy what would be the character of a modern play whose subject is that Smith lays a heavy bet with Brown he will seduce his wife, fails in his effort, but gets into her bed-room and steals her bracelet, and armed with it and an investigation of her personal peculiarities, convinces the husband that the wife has given way and been unfaithful.

However, fortunately, the theme has not been treated realistically or convincingly. It is but part of a curious collection of scenes which includes even ghostly machinery and the appearance of Jupiter on an eagle throwing thunderbolts. We did not, alas! have the Jupiter which would have been entertaining, so one must be satisfied by beautiful scenery, effective music—I could have wished that Schubert's lovely setting of "Hark, hark, the lark!" had been used—picturesque and sometimes lovely costumes, and charming verse, little of which reaches Shakspeare's highest level, and much of which was spoken without nice regard to rhythm.

The scenery was of great interest from an architectural point of view, and great beauty where delineation of nature is concerned. The woodwork buildings, on a large scale, of the Britons were very effective, and the ornamentation of coloured plaques, discs, Runic and Druidic symbols, was curiously effective. That these barbaric builders had reached such skill as is suggested in the Temptation Scene, which occurs in what may be described as a boldly carved cloister, seems a little surprising. The contrast of the strong, barbaric style with the marble columns of the atrium and the pretty scene with the gauzily clad dancing-girls is very striking. Certainly Mr. Alma-Tadema and Messrs. Hawes Craven and J. F. Harker have done wonders, and if "Cymbeline" is hardly so fascinating to the eye as was the "Henry VIII," it nevertheless is a production of really remarkable beauty and charm.

The acting was the triumph of Miss Ellen Terry. That she played the part in the style adopted by Mrs. Siddons, or, indeed, in the manner that appears suggested by the dramatist, can hardly be pretended; but that Imogen is one of the most delightful performances of the popular actress is indisputable. Some had suggested that she might hardly seem young enough for the part, but, if she had a fault, it was in the youthfulness of her manner, notably in the scene where she hears that her adored husband has landed in Wales. It would be difficult in the gallery of Shaksperian portraits with which she has delighted our public to find anything more charming than the latest.

I have suggested that Sir Henry's work as Iachimo seems a curious conception of the part, and renders the wager needlessly hard of belief. Accepting, however, his view, it must be admitted that he reached some extraordinary effects by it, notably in the last act, where his acting was the best; there, indeed, he was most striking and picturesque, and gave full importance to the character. Mr. Cooper was, I think, affected unfortunately by the lavish cutting of his part, which rendered it very difficult for him to prevent it from seeming rough and abrupt in transition. That there was any greatness in his acting I cannot suggest, but he was not lacking in dignity and passion. The Cloten of Mr. Norman Forbes seemed to me a very clever accomplishment of a difficult task. Mr. Robinson, at whose appearance there was a hearty round of applause from the old playgoers who thronged the house, acted very soundly in the part of Belarius, though once at least with too great energy. It would seem possible to show more clearly the share that he and his two supposed sons took in the battle. As it was, I doubt whether anyone who did not know the play would understand what takes place. Miss Geneviève Ward acted ably in her too little part, and many of the others, notably Messrs. Cooper Cliffe, Ben Webster, Gordon Craig, and Tyars, did excellent work unobtrusively.

MONOCLE.



SCENES FROM "CYMBELINE," AT THE LYCEUM.

TWO TRAVELLED PLAYERS.

FREDERIC ROBINSON.

For the production of "Cymbeline," at the Lyceum, Sir Henry Irving has made an addition to his company in the person of Mr. Frederic Charles Patey Robinson. To the older generation of playgoers, whose memories go back to Phelps's management at Sadler's Wells, or even only so far as that of Miss Herbert, at the St. James's, Mr. Robinson—the new Belarius—needs no introduction. On the other hand, to the younger generation of theatre-lovers he is practically unknown, or known only through the study of stage records.

Mr. Robinson has had a long and varied career, and has acquired distinction in many parts. Though the last thirty years of his life have been spent (save for holiday absences) in America, he is English bred and born. He comes of a good old family, which has given two successive rectors to the town of Beverley, in Yorkshire. Frederic Robinson's father belonged to the medical profession, for which he designed his son; but the youth preferred the stage, and in 1849, at the age of seventeen, joined the York circuit, where he served a busy apprenticeship to his art. He next obtained, through the influence of Charlotte Cushman, an engagement at Edinburgh, which he left in 1851 to join (on the recommendation of Henry Marston) the company at Sadler's Wells.

With Phelps Robinson remained for the best part of nine years. He made his debut as Cromwell in "Henry VIII.," and at once gave satisfaction. Cromwell was followed by Claudio. In 1852 the young actor "created" Ruthven in White's "James VI." His Prince Hal in the following year was described as "youthful and elegant." In 1854 (and later) he played Arviragus in revivals of "Cymbeline." Then came, in successive years, his "attractive" Duke in "Twelfth Night," his Ferdinand in "Love's Labour's Lost," his Orlando, his Romeo, and another creation—that of the poet in "The Fool's Revenge." The two last belong to 1859, in which year Robinson was commanded to play Romeo before the Queen at Windsor Castle, with Phelps for his Mercutio and Miss Caroline Heath for his Juliet.

Robinson seems to have left Phelps in 1860. Two years later he was at the Princess's, alternating Romeo and Mercutio, Othello and Iago, with Walter Montgomery, and playing other leading parts. After being seen at Plymouth in a round of rôles, he returned to London, to become a member of the company at the St. James's. There, in 1864-5, he "created" characters in "Sybilla," "Faces in the Fire," and "Eleanor's Victory," besides appearing in "The Bachelor of Arts," and so forth.

On Dec. 12, 1865, began Robinson's long connection with the American stage. He had been engaged for Wallack's Theatre, New York, where he stayed for two seasons, "starring" in the intervals. In 1867 he went to Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, where, in the following year, he made the first of his more notable successes—as Farmer Allan in Charles Reade's "Dora." He played that part one hundred times. Leaving Boston in 1870, he "starred" again, his next engagement being in 1872 with Lawrence Barrett. Two years later came his first appearance at the Union Square Theatre, New York, and another special triumph—as Rochester in a version of "Jane Eyre"—which he followed up with equal successes as Master Walter in "The Hunchback" and (after more "starring") Jacques in "The Two Orphans." With Edwin Booth on tour he alternated Othello and Iago, and then came four seasons with Jefferson, during which he made a decided hit as Sir Anthony Absolute (1880-1).

Since then, the parts in which Robinson has made (we gather) the deepest and most lasting mark in America have been Lord Dorchester in Mrs. Verplanck's "Sealed Instructions" (1885), James Ralston in "Jim the Penman" (1886), Maurice Grantley in "Her Father" (1891), the Abbé Dubois in "A Village Priest" (1892), and Graves in "Money" (1893). He was the first representative in America of Ralston, Grantley, and the Abbé, and with the first and last of these his name will always be associated on "the other side." He has appeared as Ralston again and again since 1886, so powerful and popular is the impersonation. His tender and dignified Abbé seems to have charmed alike the critics and the public. Among other favourite parts of his are Triplet in "Masks and Faces" and Count Orloff in "Diplomacy," which latter he was the first to play in the States.

WILLIAM ELTON.

Mr. Elton, who was engaged to interpret a character-part in "The Duchess of Coolgardie," at Drury Lane, is a younger man than Mr. Robinson by some eighteen years, but has been considerably more of a rover. Mr. Robinson, we suppose, knows every corner of the Union; but Mr. Elton knows a good deal not only of the States, but of Canada, and also of South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. He made his professional start in the English provinces, where he had stock seasons and toured for several years till 1875, when Captain Disney Roebuck, for whom he had played successfully in comedy and burlesque, took him to the Cape, where he distinguished himself in a large variety of parts, ranging from Harvey Duff to Perkyn Middlewick, from Stephen Hargreaves to the Widow Twankey. In 1877-8 he was at Brighton, whence he was brought to London by Mr. Hollingshead for the Gaiety. There, it will be remembered, he was conspicuous for his humorous "make-up" and ingenious dancing, and especially for his Count Nevariski in "Boulogne," his Merryman in "The Great Casimir," and his Rashleigh Osbaldistone in "Robbing Roy."

In 1880 Mr. Elton was off to America, having been engaged for three years at Wallack's Theatre. Here he "struck oil" as Ledger in "The Parvenu," old Macclesfield in "The Guv'nor," and old Doubledick in "The Upper Crust," likewise as Tony Lumpkin and Bob Acres. Returning to the London Gaiety in 1883, he was seen in "Virginia and Paul," "Ariel," "Camaralzaman," "Our Helen," "Called There and Back," and so forth. Then in 1885-6 came another visit to America, followed by a long stay in Australia, where Mr. Elton may be said to have achieved perhaps the chief triumphs of his career. There during several years he took high rank alike in comedy and comic opera, excelling notably in such works as "The Mascotte," "The Old Guard," "Erminie," and the Gilbert-Sullivan series. Of what he has done in England since his return in 1892 the judicious playgoer does not need to be reminded.

THE NEW "IOTA."

"Iota" continues our education in "A Quaker Grandmother" (Hutchinson). The professor she has elected this time for her main course of instruction in morality is a little Canadian girl not out of her teens. All wisdom, human and divine, is centred in Miss Miriam Porteous. She is so familiar with it that she expresses it in a kind of horrible slang. Of all styles of conversation we have had to endure in novels, hers is easily worst. We get pages of this kind of thing—she has her elbows on her knees, and speaks "from out the hollow of her hands"—

"If I had an exceedingly effective foot, with no instep to speak of, and

all else that that involves, I should want a sea of toleration, some humour, or a return to the Middle Ages."

"Or the backwoods," he suggested rudely.

"Well, yes, the backwoods. In the backwoods we still read Charles Kingsley with tears, and Ouida and the daily papers are carefully concealed from the young. We are an obvious people. We have every aboriginal instinct."

"Iota," guessing perhaps better than we do the jokes in all this ponderous smartness, revels in the young person's tongue, and even permits her to interfere in the most delicate and complicated situations. The young man who has fallen under the influence of a silly married woman, and is about to make a fool of himself and ruin her, cannot be permitted to do anything of the kind while an innocent maiden, a good many years his junior, with a fine understanding of the human passions and a rollicking sense of humour, is about. She locks him up from the dangerous siren—and, of course, he never wants to see Madame Siren again, but falls in love with the wretched young joker! Man is a barbarous animal, according to "Iota's" belief, sadly, nay, rather whimsically, in need of education. But primitive methods must be used, and she has full confidence he will respond with as nice a docility as did Harry Tryng. There is never a doubt anywhere that she may not know her way about mankind perfectly; and this complete lack of hesitation is much more amusing than the most successful wit in her rather clever book. The fine lines of human nature she draws with a stump, but to "Iota's" unvarying confidence in herself the story owes much of its "go." It is readable, if not in the least credible, and that is something nowadays, when so many books are neither one nor the other.



FREDERIC ROBINSON AS THE ABBÉ IN "A VILLAGE PRIEST."

Photo by Sarony, New York.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE NONCONFORMIST CONSCIENCE.

"See, father, them 's play-actors."

"Shut up, you young fool! there ain't no telling wot yer may come to yerself."



VISITOR (*leaving*): You will come and see me, won't you, dear? You know my number.
KNOWING CHILD: Oh, yes! Grannie says you always live at sixes and sevens.



*Our sisters, who threaten our scalps,
Have taken to climbing the Alps;
And this, though it vex all the masculine wrecks,
Most certainly proves the Ascent of the Sex.*



SHE THINKS THE "ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE" CAN'T BE BEAT.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AN EXTINCT SCIENCE.

In the year B.C. 2000, or thereabouts, there was no such thing in the Far East as the "fortune of war"—at least, not in the sense in which we use the phrase to-day. There were fortunes in war, as will presently be seen; but its glorious uncertainties, its reverses and surprises, had ceased to exist. The winning and losing of battles had been reduced to the simplicity of a multiplication sum, all of which was due to the genius of one great man, General Wang, to wit, Field-Marshal of the forces of his Majesty Chang Wu, King of the Haus.

At that period China was divided, like Gaul, into three parts, and ruled by three dynasties known respectively as the Hau, the Wei, and the Wu. Buffer states were unknown in those good old days, and the three kingdoms aforesaid were always in a healthy state of active hostility. And as it invariably happened that when any one of them got the better of another, the third would "chip in" and reverse the situation, the balance of power was in a chronic condition of wobble; which state of things was good for all parties, keeping the people occupied and saving their three rulers from *ennui*, a complaint which frequently proved fatal in those pre-dynamite-and-New-Woman days.

Such was the condition of affairs when Wang Sun-ki passed his final examination in archery and shouting, and became a corporal in the bodyguard of his Majesty Chang Wu. From the very first—so say the commentators—his great mind grasped the idea of a radical reform in the art of war. He saw clearly in the strategy and tactics of the day many glaring defects, and to the inauguration of the system which was to make him famous he devoted all his splendid energies.

His rise was very rapid—partly, as is often the case with great commanders, by what we call luck, partly by help and favour of lovely woman, but chiefly through his own prudence and strength of mind. For, by careful avoidance of all dangerous posts, and by exceeding swiftness of foot, he preserved for his country a life that he knew to be worth more to him than that of any other man; never, even in the prospect of battle, did this great soldier forget his plans so far as to risk his person.

His first notable achievement was his marriage with Ling Mei, sister of one of the unclassified or miscellaneous ladies who basked in the sunshine of Chang Wu's Court. Through the influence of this model wife, Wang, now a captain of cavalry, became versed in all the details of his sovereign's life, and was soon able to place the usual bribes and douceurs with the very best effect. When, after remarkably rapid promotions and unbroken service at headquarters, he became Aide-de-camp to his Majesty and full Colonel of the Royal Catapulters, it is recorded that he divorced the lady Ling Mei "for having become garrulous," and immediately afterwards married one of the numerous Princesses Royal—a lady with some wealth, a deal of acidity, and a squint—which self-denial meets with much praise of the commentators. At this period our gallant Colonel began to find again the bread which he had cast upon the waters of his youth; where heretofore he had bribed others, he now found his own palm frequently and pleasantly greased; so much so, indeed, that he rapidly became a capitalist and landed proprietor.

And it was at this point of his career that there began to flow the tide in his affairs which was to lead him on to fortune and eternal fame. Just as the squint and humours of his Princess Royal were commencing to tell seriously on his nerves, causing him unpleasant doubts and qualms as regards the "sacking" of Ling Mei, tidings reached the Court of the advance of a large army from the Wu frontiers. This in itself was bad enough, but when it became known that the King of Wei had made a formal declaration of neutrality, things began to look serious.

For it was only three years before that the joint forces of Hau and Wei had invaded the Wu territories, exacted heavy penalties, and bound over the turbulent king thereof to keep the peace; and it had been solemnly agreed in the resultant treaty that the rulers of Hau and Wei should be as brothers for ever—both being, at that particular time, weaker than the King of Wu.

Here, then, was treachery and intrigue, and a prospect of much fighting, and our gallant Wang found himself suddenly ordered from the squint of his unamiable Princess to the command of the Hau forces in the field—found himself, moreover, decorated with a peacock's plume, and wearing the pipe and tinder-box of a Field-Marshal.

Now, as the reader will have observed, the great genius of Field-Marshal Wang had not, so far, developed itself in the stress and turmoil of battles. Rather had it been shown in a wonderful capacity for circumventing his fellow-men in times of profound peace. His nomination to the leadership of the Hau army is, therefore, regarded by the shrewdest of the commentators as the joint work of his Majesty Chang Wu—with a covetous eye on the reversion of Wang's real and personal estate—and of the lady Wang, tired of her lord's marked aversion to squints.

Behold, therefore, our Field-Marshal at the head of his army, riding in state on an ambling jennet, his head protected from the sun by the red umbrella of honour. Around him are gathered his lieutenants and a body-guard of athletes and acrobats. For miles behind, and straggling over the fields on either side, his "braves" are making their way, in extremely loose order, towards the Wu frontier. Each man carries his weapon in one hand and an umbrella in the other, for it is the rainy season, and showers are frequent. An imposing sight is the departure of

this great army; the citizens stand on the walls and cheer lustily as regiment upon regiment straggles over the ploughed country, looking for all the world like a caucus-race.

Slower and slower ambles the fat jennet as the city walls fade in the distance. The great chief is lost in thought, in the first throes of that tremendous conception which is soon to revolutionise war. At the midday hour, on the edge of a pine forest, he commands a halt, and here, while dinner is being prepared, he orders that the army be drawn up in hollow square, from the centre of which he will address it. Such is the intimation conveyed by the herald and gong-beaters; and soon the smoke of five thousand rice-pots is curling upwards on the soft spring air.

And now the immortal Wang, with his jade spectacles on his nose and the peacock's plume proudly waving, is mounted on the roof of a sedan-chair. Behind him the trumpets sound a war-note, and immediately the whole camp is hushed. So still is all that vast host you could hear a baby cry.

"Men of Hau," said the great commander, "the campaign on which we are now setting out is no ordinary one: it is for you and me to make it ever memorable! It is, I believe, our common object to keep the enemy's forces from invading our territories, from marrying our wives and enslaving our children; and a secondary aim is ours in the desire to come out of this war with our persons undamaged and our pockets heavy. (Applause.) But, as I look upon your honest faces, I am thoroughly convinced that the army with which I am told to 'do or die' is totally unable to face the Wu forces with any sort of credit. Your numbers are insufficient, your weapons beneath contempt, and your commissariat does not exist. (Groans.) All these faults, my friends, are due to the administration of military affairs by civilians." (A voice from the ranks: "Let us go back.")

"No, friends; we will not go back, for that way lies dishonour; before us are wealth and honour and a ripe old age." Here the Field-Marshal resorted to his silver snuff-bottle, and all the army breathed deep in expectation.

"As I have said," he continued, "your appearance is such as to convince me of your utter inability to fight, and my experience teaches me that you would never wait to do so. That discretion for which my troops have ever been famous would lead you to out-mancœuvre the foe by strategic and rapid movements to the rear. You would return to your own homes, and I would be left to do the same, with the inevitable prospect of explaining affairs to an irate Sovereign, which would be very unpleasant for all of us: therefore, oh men of Hau, thank Heaven that it has sent you a chief capable of leading you to certain and painless victory. Eat your fill of rice to-day, and to-morrow go forward, leaving the issues of this war with me alone. They have told us to do or die. I think I am right in saying that we unanimously choose the former alternative. Let us therefore resolve to 'do'—(A voice: "What?")—to 'do' that civil administration which is the cause of all a soldier's trials and dangers!" (Great applause, then silence.)

"I see, friends; that you do not grasp my meaning. I am glad of it. All I now ask of you is that no man of you shall start for home during the next forty-eight hours. I myself guarantee your personal safety—on my red button be it!—but any premature desertion will upset all my plans. Let us but come in sight of the enemy, and you may leave the rest to me. And, friends, meanwhile let our watchword be 'do—not die!'"

After which oration the Field-Marshal remounted his ambling steed, camp was struck (it was the only thing struck during the campaign), and the army straggled cheerfully towards the frontier. Such was the combined effect of the speech and a plentiful meal that several regiments sang as they marched.

The commentators rival each other in eulogising Wang's grasp of the situation and of his appreciation of the material at his command. It was the practice in those days for the weaker army to march to within shouting distance of the enemy, at which point every man would discharge his weapon, throw it away, and flee for home as best he could. How different to such conventional and dangerous tactics were the methods of the immortal Wang! Has not his famous watchword "Do—not die" become proverbial throughout all Cathay? Is it not always in use by the makers of rhymed couplets?

The army had advanced two days' march—about six miles—since the making of the great speech; its soothing effect had thus partly worn off when the elephants at the head of the Wu vanguard appeared in a valley beneath it. The Haus gazed in silence as the enemy's forces wound their way, like a gigantic snake, round the base of the opposite hills; and the habits of their old military training came strongly upon them. "If we shout from here," said a bronzed veteran, "surely they can hear us. And what place could be better for discharging our weapons?" The impulse spread like wildfire, and scarce a man in all that vast host but thought with joy of seeing his home again before the rising of another sun.

They had forgotten their chief. Thoughtfully gazing on the enemy below, that great man sat erect in his saddle, heedless of all around. Silent he sat "as on a peak in Darien," until his well-trained eye detected the commander of the Wu forces in his usual place at the extreme rear. Then, turning in his stirrups, he spoke to his body-guard—or rather, to that place where, had discipline prevailed, the body-guard should have been.

"Summon me a herald," he cried, "and call hither my treasurer and the chief scribe, for with these I will go down into the valley. You, my

brave fellows, will wait here. Should the enemy cross yonder stream, you are at liberty to follow your own instincts and knowledge of the country. But if not, I shall expect every man to be here when I return—it will go ill with you, my friends, if my expectations are not fulfilled."

A shout of approval went up, for the terms were easy. This was an entirely new departure in warfare. Few expected to see their General again this side the grave, and still fewer believed him able to persuade the enemy to remain on the further side of the stream. Therefore the army gathered itself joyfully about the rice-cauldrons and prepared to enjoy a day of rest, husbanding their energies for a night of flight. A trumpeter only remained on the hill-top to watch the enemy and give a signal when the river should be crossed.

Field-Marshal Wang, with herald, scribe, and treasurer, all clean-shaven and in full uniform, rode therefore to meet the Wu army—a proceeding totally without precedent, and not to be found in the Treatises on War. They carried no weapons, nor (with the exception of Wang's insignia) valuables of any kind; all these had been left with the field-chest in charge of the Field-Marshal's own relatives and retainers, with orders to make straight for the house of Wang in case of an advance of the enemy.

The Field-Marshal rode light and without misgivings. If he died, he had effected an insurance—so to speak—on his life; if he lived, fame and fatness were his assuredly.

In this wise they came therefore within three bow-shots of the Wu vanguard, which, seeing what it mistook for an approach of cavalry, promptly fell back on the main body. Some confusion resulted, which might easily have ended in a panic, had not Wang, with keen military insight, understood the position. Immediately he despatched the herald to proclaim that the Field-Marshal of the Haus, unarmed and unsupported, desired an interview with the Wu Commander-in-Chief. No sooner was this message understood than the army rallied, and the four envoys found themselves prisoners. Their persons were searched, and treated with some want of courtesy, their lack of valuables being unfavourably criticised. All this Wang had expected; with composure he witnessed the removal of his peacock's feather, tinder-box, and ambling jennet. All he asked was an interview with the Commander-in-Chief, and he awaited with admirable composure the arrival of that dignitary.

The details of that interview have never been made public, but its results were the fulfilling of all Wang's hopes and the dawn of China's modern system of warfare. Before nightfall the Wu forces were in full retreat towards their frontier, carrying with them not only the war-chest (2,000,000 taels of silver), but many weapons, flags, and uniforms belonging to the army of his Majesty Chang Wu; also that same evening, Field-Marshal Wang, having recovered his personal property, encamped his forces in that pleasant valley, and despatched messengers in haste to the capital with news of a great victory.

His despatches, still preserved in the national archives, are masterpieces of their kind, and have since been the type for all such documents, even unto the present day. Seated luxuriously on a soft-cushioned divan, our hero wrote in flowery, classic style of stricken fields and horrid deeds of blood; with the peaceful voices of his happy "braves" in his ears he recorded their terrible slaughter and the first hard-won fight. And while graphically describing to his King the scene and details of his victory, he sent in token thereof five banners, two hundred arbalists, and an elephant, abandoned (for value received) by the Wu army in its retreat.

The first despatch ends as follows—

The enemy, your Majesty, is now in full retreat for the hilly country towards Wing Tui Shan, and thither we shall pursue and harass him forthwith. One or two more victories and the King of Wu is a suppliant at your Majesty's feet. Before anything further can be done, however, our funds must be replenished. The expenses in this campaign are peculiarly heavy. Your army, more numerous than ever before in the field, needs a generous commissariat, and the country is extremely poor. It will be necessary to buy horses and equip a force of cavalry, &c. Therefore your servant prays that a sum of at least 5,000,000 taels be sent under reliable escort to the front with as little delay as possible.

Here follows a list of the killed and wounded, together with recommendations for honours and promotion, in which latter the herald, scribe, and treasurer are honourably prominent.

That same night, having sent off his despatches, Field-Marshal Wang dined with Hung, Commander-in-Chief of the Wu Army, at a little inn some three miles from the scene of their first meeting. Here, under a trellised vine, the Generals discussed their evening meal and the coming campaign. "Fair play and a clean divide," were Hung's terms; "turn and turn about for victory; a long war, and profits shared." Which was precisely the way in which Wang had already solved the matter.

Over a second bottle of *samshu* they arranged the details: the management of the troops, who were to be well paid, refused furlough, and encouraged to marry and settle down; the treatment of messengers, heralds, and war correspondents, who must either be bought or sold; the necessity for removing the seat of war to a point far away from both capitals—these and other minor matters were soon amicably arranged. And as the two Generals bade each other good-night over a last cup, it is recorded that Hung fell on his knees before the illustrious Wang and *kotoxed*. "That makes eight millions to begin with," he said, "and this our first battle. You are the greatest soldier that ever lived!"

We need not follow the progress of that campaign. Removed to the borders of the Wei territory, the fortune of war ebbed and flowed for three years, both sides claiming frequent (and expensive) victories. At the end of that time the civilian population of both countries was

practically bankrupt, and (an inkling of the art of war having leaked out) deserting trade for a military career by thousands. At this period, moreover, the troops of Wei, having gradually perceived the immense advantages of Wang's tactics, took the field of their own accord against the combined forces of Hau and Wu. These latter having, after successive victories, remitted all their arms, elephants, and impedimenta to each other's emperors, were not in a fit state to resist an attack; besides which, the greater part of both armies had accumulated money, settled down, and begun to provide themselves with heirs. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to accede to the terms imposed by the Wei leaders, especially as these were not difficult. The Wei General reported a victory over the allied forces of Hau and Wu, asked for funds to continue the campaign, and joined the enemy. The operation, in fact, was equivalent to what in these days we call "watering the stock" and increasing the number of shareholders.

Such was the nine years' war, the first and only campaign in which our great Field-Marshal ever took part. It ended in the declaration of a general peace—which proved to be the beginning of hostilities—a declaration brought about not because the armies wanted it, but because the rest of the population did. From that day to this the system and tactics of the immortal Wang have been closely followed by every Chinese general with few variations.

And, as one of the commentators aptly asks, "What method could possibly be better? By this system you see large numbers of violent men constrained to peaceful days and provided with a livelihood. Difficult questions are thus settled, not by bloodshed and tears, but by lapse of days and friendly agreement. Finally, the kingly greed of glory is harmlessly satisfied, while the people are kept in a state of healthy excitement. Truly, richly did the illustrious Wang gain a place in our Pantheon!"

In the war which China lately waged against Japan, it was with the greatest pain and surprise that her generals found their system of classical warfare unknown to the Japanese—or, at all events, unpractised by them. So keenly did they feel on this subject, and so unwilling were they to depart from established custom, that the whole Chinese army—generals, corporals, and privates—preferred rather to give up their profession than continue a war on the lines adopted by the enemy. "There is no money in it," they said, "and very considerable personal risk."

The reader has, therefore, only to remember the fact to understand the Japanese victory at Ping Yang. On that glorious day, out of 20,000 Chinese in action, 16,000 were made prisoners and 3984 escaped to the hills, the fate of the remaining sixteen being uncertain. If they were killed, it was certainly through no fault of theirs, but through ignorance of the range of modern musketry.

JAPAN'S WAR STAMPS.

However strongly the adherents of the Society for the Suppression of Speculative Stamps may feel on the subject of stamps made for collectors—"gumpaps," the out-and-out philatelist scoffingly calls them—they will be sorely tempted to invest in the new commemorative issue of Japan. All the "advance notices" of the new stamps have spoken of them as "war stamps"; but this they do not purport to be. They are avowedly issued in commemoration of two princely Japs who died heroic deaths in the fight with China. To this extent they are war stamps, and it is not improbable that the Japanese, under the cloak of mourning, are indulging in a little jubilation by postage-stamp, in which case the new issue has perhaps been properly described.

The issue consists of only two values, two sen and five sen; but of each value there are two types, in order, we suppose, that the nation's grief shall be bestowed upon the late Prince Arisugawa and the late Prince Kitashirikawa with scrupulous impartiality. As



this is a special and, strictly speaking, "unnecessary" issue of stamps, which will be on sale at all Japanese post-offices side by side with the ordinary issue, it is safe to assume that there will be some kicking on the part of philatelists. If, however, it is Japan's object to make money by the issue, it must be allowed that Japan is not grasping. The total face value of the set is but sevenpence in English money. The stamps, of artistic design and beautifully engraved, form a vivid contrast to Japan's previous efforts in postage-stamp production, and afford ample testimony to the rapid "occidentalising" of the Jap. It is stated, by the way, that the issue will aggregate 14,000,000 stamps, which number should be more than sufficient to "go round."

MR. FITZGERALD AND HIS CHILI EXPEDITION.

A CHAT WITH THE EXPLORER.

Mr. Fitzgerald, whose remarkable mountaineering exploits in New Zealand are vigorously described in the book everybody is reading, "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps," is now engaged in preparations for a still more arduous undertaking, no less than the conquest of Mount Aconcagua, the monarch of the Chilean Andes. This mountain ranks among the first half-dozen highest peaks in the world, so Mr. Fitzgerald is not lacking in high aims in a twofold sense. I was successful in running the explorer to earth at his private address in Green Street, W. Instead of the burly frame and sunburnt, bearded face which one associates with the professional traveller, I was confronted with a tall and slightly built young fellow of the ordinary young-man-about-town type, arrayed in the conventional garb of frock-coat, patent-leather boots, &c. Appearances are proverbially deceptive, and Mr. Fitzgerald has proved himself capable of feats of endurance and ability to work on short commons which would excite the envy of a Soudanese camel-driver, or a coaling coolie at Port Said. In his famous first crossing of the "Great Divide" of New Zealand, he and his guide Zurbriggen, when short of provisions on the last three days of their expedition, which consisted of particularly arduous scrambling over precipitous gorges, mountain torrents, and thick scrub, had to subsist on half-a-day's rations. There is nothing, in short, of the amateur or dilettante about Mr. Fitzgerald except in his appearance. Mr. Fitzgerald takes his exploration work quite seriously, and, in fact, regards it as a profession.

Several years' globe-trotting, in the course of which he visited the United States, Canada, the Australian Colonies, India, Japan, and China, served as a preliminary to Mr. Fitzgerald's serious travel. He accompanied Sir Martin Conway in his tour of the Alps from end to end—a kind of walking-tour *in excelsis*; but his first independent expedition was that in the Southern Alps in New Zealand, already referred to. In this, his maiden effort at exploration, Mr. Fitzgerald successfully accomplished a feat which had baffled two generations of New Zealand climbers, and established a record in mountaineering by crossing the hitherto impassable range of the Southern Alps, and also rendered a service to the Colony, to say nothing of tourists, by discovering a track from the east to the west coast. This feat, however, being an accomplished fact, Mr. Fitzgerald preferred to talk about his forthcoming expedition, and proposed a move to Clifford's Inn, where specimens of his plant and equipment for the Chili expedition were on view, and would serve to give point to his explanations.

"But why Chili, Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"Well, you see, after all, there is not much choice left to explorers at the fag-end of the nineteenth century. Then I am fond of climbing *per se*, and outside the Polar regions the only considerable portions of the earth's surface yet unexplored are the mountainous regions. Of these the Andes Range, of which Aconcagua (23,200 feet) is the highest peak, seems the least known."

"And consequently presents the most attraction for you?" I suggested. Mr. Fitzgerald smiled, but would not commit himself further. Probably, too, there is a kind of tacit understanding between the climbing fraternity (although Mr. Fitzgerald would not admit this) that certain ranges should be reserved to the explorer who has made these new climbing districts his own, or, at any rate, that he should have a prior claim—the Himalayas, for instance, being left to Sir Martin Conway, while the Caucasus is considered the special province of Mr. Douglas Freshfield. Mr. Fitzgerald, however, being politely intolerant of this theory, I did not press it.

It appeared I was equally mistaken in supposing that Mr. Whymper's ascent of Chimborazo suggested the idea of attempting the still higher peak of Aconcagua. Mr. Whymper had, indeed, contemplated the ascent of Aconcagua; but, owing to the disturbed state of the country at that time, could not even make the attempt. Dr. Güssfeldt, the well-known German explorer, has, indeed, tried to climb it; but the last two thousand feet proved insurmountable.

The personnel of Mr. Fitzgerald's party will consist, besides the leader, of Mr. Claude Barrow, Mr. De Trafford, Mr. Gosse (a son of the critic), and Zurbriggen, the well-known Alpine guide, the first claim on whose services Mr. Fitzgerald holds for the next five years. Zurbriggen will take with him five porters, for it is wisely determined that the explorers are to be independent of local guides. The leader of the exploring party, though a member of the Royal Geographical Society, prefers to have an absolutely free hand in the conduct of the expedition, and will not, therefore, apply for any grant from that society. As he can afford the cost, which he estimates at about four thousand pounds, Mr. Fitzgerald is well advised, for the movements of the leader of a subsidised expedition are apt to be occasionally hampered.

The expedition will be primarily one of science and geographical discovery; but as the members of the party are keen sportsmen, it is not likely that their zeal for scientific research will prevent their paying due attention to the sporting fauna of the district—in other words, to its big game.

Mr. Fitzgerald is evidently determined that the success of his enterprise shall not be imperilled by lack of funds, and the preparations for the equipment and plant of his party are conceived on a princely scale.

A good idea of its completeness can be gathered from the articles shown at the recent exhibition at Clifford's Inn Hall of the sketches taken during his New Zealand expedition. Scattered around the picturesque old hall were specimens of the elaborate outfit now thought indispensable to the latter-day explorer, from the scientific apparatus, comprising the latest type of prismatic compasses, plane tables, aneroid barometers, theodolites, &c., down to air-beds, canvas buckets, and cubes of compressed tea. Surgical instruments were also prominently displayed, an unpleasantly suggestive item among which was a hypodermic syringe for injecting antidotes to snake-poison.

The leader's plan of operations is, on paper, simplicity itself. Mr. Fitzgerald and his party leave England for Valparaiso this autumn. Thence they set out for Mount Aconcagua, and will establish the main camp on its lower slopes. Then, establishing a series of subsidiary camps for supplies, the explorers will work their way to the summit, for the Monarch of the Andes, with its altitude of over twenty-three thousand feet, cannot be rushed in a couple of days.

"The summit conquered," continued Mr. Fitzgerald, whose enthusiasm and faith in himself proves contagious, "why, then, like the immortal King of Ghent—you know the lines—

The King of Ghent, with twice ten thousand men,
Climbed up the hill, and then climbed down again,

we shall descend to the main camp and return to London, which we hope to reach next May."

A novel feature in this Chilean expedition are the elaborate arrange-

ments made for signalling the progress of the ascent by means of heliographs. On reaching the summit of Aconcagua, the news of the ascent will be flashed to the lower camps, and thence to London. In order to afford signalling practice for the members of his party, and also to test the equipment and outfit, Mr. Fitzgerald intends spending a month or so previous to starting for Chili in October in camping out on Mount Dom in the Zermatt district. Here Mr. Fitzgerald may be considered to be "resting," and is quite prepared to do the honours of his elevated camp to those of his friends who may care to hunt him up in his mountain solitude. Among others Mr. and Mrs. Henry Norman have promised to pay him a visit.

For some reason Mount Dom has been rather neglected by the Alpine Club-man, though it is actually one of the highest mountains in Switzerland, for, of course, the two peaks, Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, vulgarly reckoned as the highest in Switzerland, are in France and Italy respectively.

As for the success of the expedition, who shall say? All these exploring trips are more or less experimental and speculative. Mr. Fitzgerald, however, is satisfied that, bar accidents, he will conquer Mount Aconcagua. A sanguine temperament may occasionally prove a snare, no doubt; but on the other hand, in a feat of this kind, lack of self-confidence and a distrust of one's abilities are a fatal bar to success.

EUSTACE A. REYNOLDS-BALL, F.R.G.S.



MR. EDWARD A. FITZGERALD.—SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

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JORIS KARL HUYSMANS: A PORTRAIT.

M. Huysmans, the author of that remarkable novel "En Route," is one more prominent example of a writer who, like Charles Lamb or the author of "Essays Written in the Intervals of Business," has passed the



JORIS KARL HUYSMANS.

Photo by Mr. Frederic Lees.

greater part of his life at an official desk. He has "sucked his sustenance," as Elia says in one of his most delightful essays, "through a quill," and, out of official hours, has felt his enfranchised pen to have received a justly earned promotion.

In more respects than one M. Huysmans seems to me to offer a parallel to Lamb, although it is a parallel only of certain facts in their respective careers, and not of their work, which could hardly be more strikingly different. In the first place, the thirty years that the French novelist has been an official at the Service de l'Administration of the Ministry of the Interior (first as a clerk, and now as Sous-chef de Bureau) may be compared, not inappropriately, with the gentle Elia's long term of office at the East India House. To follow up the parallel, the English essayist, in his twenty-second year, published, in conjunction with Coleridge and Charles Lloyd, his first poems

and sonnets; M. Huysmans, when the same age, published his first story, "Sac au Dos," in "Les Soirées de Médan," under the influence of M. Emile Zola. Like Lamb, too, M. Huysmans possesses a style which is inimitable—a style as exclusively his own as the peculiar subject-matter of his successive novels.

As shown by his name, Joris Karl Huysmans is of Dutch origin, though by education and sympathies he is French. He was born in Paris on Feb. 5, 1848. His father was of Dutch nationality; his mother was French. It is worthy of note that both M. Huysmans' father and grandfather were painters, men in whom the artistic instinct was particularly strong, and who transmitted to their son that Flemish love of detail which one finds in the work of Teniers and Jordaens, that faculty of using words as though they were colours.

M. Huysmans, as already stated, made his début as a writer under the inspiration of M. Zola in the days when Guy de Maupassant, Henry Céard, Léon Hennique, and Paul Alexis used to meet at the country house of their master at Médan: a literary gathering which resulted in the publication of "Les Soirées de Médan," a volume of short stories dealing with the 1870 War, and which served as a sort of declaration of the collaborators' literary tendencies. M. Zola's contribution was, to cite the opinion of Mr. George Saintsbury, that "unfinished work of art," "L'Attaque du Moulin," Maupassant wrote his masterpiece "Boule de Suif," and M. Huysmans' story was "Sac au Dos."

There was a lapse of some years before M. Huysmans published another story. Then novel after novel followed in rapid succession, each new work showing the writer's pessimistic outlook upon life, though it gradually became less accentuated as years passed on. "Marthe" was published in 1876, "Les Sœurs Vatarde" in 1879, "En Ménage" in 1881, "A Rebours" in 1884, "En Rade" in 1887, "Là-Bas" in 1891, "A Vau-l'Eau" in 1894, and finally "En Route" in 1895. There also appeared from time to time three volumes of art criticism and three volumes of Paris sketches and prose poems. "A Vau-l'Eau," which attracted considerable attention at the time of issue on account of its peculiar central idea, is the story of a Government official who searches in vain for an eatable beefsteak, the author's pessimism still occupying a prominent position. In "Là-Bas" we find M. Huysmans giving his readers a minute study of Satanism, a subject which has been described by M. Jules Blois in "Les Petites Religions de Paris," and from Mysticism we find him gravitating towards Catholicism.

M. Huysmans was, in fact, converted, and his conversion, in many respects, may be compared to that of St. Augustine, Chateaubriand, and Lacordaire. It is, indeed, because M. Huysmans in his latest novel, "En Route," tells the story of his own life that the novel has such a real value to us as a work of art. M. René Doumic, one of his adverse critics, even confesses this much. "En Route" is, above all, a document," he says. "It informs us of the state of certain souls of the present day. . . . What makes M. Huysmans' books so valuable to us is that, in studying himself, he has discovered some of the traits—and the most disquieting ones—of contemporary sensibility."

Durtal, the central character of "En Route"—he is first of all to be met with in "Là-Bas," in the guise of a mystic—is a literary man who, at the age of forty, is troubled, by reason of his excesses, with a horror of the present, its literature, its art, and the whole world of modern thought. In search of a remedy he seizes hold of Chateaubriand's idea that the true proof of Catholicism is the art it has founded. He

becomes converted, but, failing to find that peace of mind of which he is in need, he retires to the Monastery of La Trappe. His *état d'âme*, upon returning to Paris, is shown by the concluding words of the novel:—"Paris and Notre Dame de l'Atre have rejected me as wreckage, and here I am condemned to live unmatched, because I am already too much a literary man to make a monk, and I am already too much a monk to remain among literary men." M. Huysmans makes no secret of the fact that he was his own prototype when drawing the character of the unfortunate Durtal; it is now three years since he pulled the bell-chain at the door of the Trappist monastery, heard the clatter of the sabots of the monk who answered his summons, and was shown into the presence of Père Étienne.

But, however complete M. Huysmans' conversion may be, it is very apparent from the concluding words of the novel that that of Durtal is yet incomplete, and it is only in the sequel that we shall see him reach the end of his journey. Upon this companion novel M. Huysmans is at the present time busily engaged. All the characters in "En Route"—including that masterly one of the Abbé Gevresin—are to again appear, with an additional character of a mystic old woman, whose strange personality is taken from the life. The scene of the story, a title for which has not yet been decided upon, will be laid at Chartres, and there will be found in it a careful study not only of the cathedral of this town, but of the cathedrals of France, just as one finds in "En Route" a study of the churches of Paris. On this subject of cathedrals, their symbolism of colours and the art of the Middle Ages, he has many original theories to put forward if not actual discoveries to unfold.

It will, however, be a year and a half, probably two years, before the publication of the sequel of "En Route." The novelist is a slow and painstaking worker. His method of work is very similar to that of M. Zola. He reads everything which bears on the main idea and characters of his novel, at the same time taking careful and voluminous notes. His researches are made principally in the evening, the morning until noon, when M. Huysmans commences his official duties at the Ministry, being devoted to the classification of his notes. And what a labour these researches entail, M. Huysmans has discovered, as did his old friend Gustave Flaubert! When writing "En Route" he had to read whole libraries. Then, when he has thoroughly mastered his subject and the characters of his novel have begun to take the form of living men and women, he works, principally in the early morning, upon the actual writing of the chapters of his book. But during this part of his work M. Huysmans takes long rests, sometimes never touching his pen for five or six days together.

After all, one does not regret that the author of "En Route" has passed the greater part of his life in a public office. It has probably been the means of sending him home with an increased appetite to his books. One naturally wonders, however, upon visiting him in his bureau in the Rue des Saussaies, how he has been content, ever since 1866, to day after day pass through that bare courtyard below, up the winding staircase, and along the waxed floors of the narrow passages of those forbidding ministerial offices. The office of a Sous-chef is, indeed, the barest of offices, its blank walls dominated by that steel engraving of the portrait of M. Felix Faure which the President of the Republic insists upon thrusting as a symbol of the State before each of his officials.

It is only when a visit is paid to M. Huysmans' flat in the Rue de Sèvres, within a short distance of the Church of Saint Sulpice,

*J'en connais personnellement un autre moine que me
spécifie, lorsqu'il m'est permis de l'aborder, au temps
de François d'Assise. Celui-là vit en extase, la chef
est ainsi que d'une auréole par un nimbe d'oiseaux.*

*Les hirondelles viennent nicher au dessus de son grabat,
dans la loge de frière-portier qu'il habite; elles tournoient
gaiement autour de lui et les toutes petites qui s'effaieut
à voler, se reposent sur sa tête, sur ses bras, sur ses mains,
tandis qu'il continue de sourire, en priant.*

J. Huysmans

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PREFACE TO "EN ROUTE."

that he is found in his true element. Among his mediæval pictures, his ancient volumes, his unique works on the subject of Mysticism, and his saints in carved wood, he lives as tranquil a life as that monk, with whom he is acquainted, who made a friend of the swallows, and who, when they meet, carries him back to the time of St. Francis of Assisi.

FREDERIC LEES.

"WHILE THE EARTH REMAINETH SEED-TIME AND HARVEST SHALL NOT CEASE."



SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—To-day, 6.39; to-morrow, 6.36; Friday, 6.34; Saturday, 6.32; Sunday, 6.30; Monday, 6.28; Tuesday, 6.26.

Many persons are complaining about their cyclometers. One man declares that his instrument registers ten or fifteen miles sometimes, though he may have ridden barely three miles. Another writes to say that, no matter how far he travels, his cyclometer never marks more than twenty miles a-day. A lady tells me that, upon her machine skidding and giving her a bad fall, the cyclometer instantly marked "three-hundred up" and began to ring its mile-registering bell as though it were an alarm clock. As a fact, cyclometers are as often as not fitted to machines that have wheels larger or smaller than the wheels for which the cyclometer is regulated.

Already the bicycle is finding its way into lunatic asylums, and in two well-known establishments of this sort arrangements are being made for organising cycling-schools and cycling-classes. A certain eminent physician feels confident that before long the advantages of cycling for lunatics of a particular class will manifest themselves to all persons interested in the care and cure of the demented. No doubt the attendants in these asylums will now watch every "turn of the wheel" with more than ordinary interest, and in days to come we shall hear of patients who think that their gearing is faulty or that their ball-bearings need attending to.

Rumour has it that one of the largest of the American firms of cycle manufacturers is to flood the English market next year with a cheap chainless wheel. This machine, it is said, is being secretly tested in the United States, and already a chainless bicycle of the new pattern has been ridden 39,000 miles without its needing to be adjusted, and without showing signs of undue wear. The level-gear or cog system has been adopted, and when it is demonstrated that no "lost motion" occurs with the new gearing, that there is less friction than with the chain, and that there is no noise, no breaking, and no stretching of the chain, and that every part is protected from dust and dirt, making guards and protecting devices unnecessary, the argument certainly seems to be all in favour of the new type. But then our American brothers are always so sanguine! Until this paragon of perfection has been thoroughly tested over here, there is no need for English makers to grind their teeth and stamp. True, Gaston Rivière rode 534 miles in twenty-four hours on a chainless machine in the famous Bol d'Or race in Paris, but, as likely as not, he would have accomplished the feat equally well, if not better, upon a chain-wheel bicycle.

The following tale related to me by a friend is absolutely true. A lady recently touring in the Highlands—for obvious reasons I omit the lady's name and the name of the district—had the misfortune, while riding alone through a picturesque but scantily populated glen, to meet with an accident, being thrown from her machine, badly bruised and shaken, and more or less cut and scratched about the hands. Upon recovering her equanimity, she made her way to the nearest habitation, which chanced to be the Manse, and asked to be allowed to wash the mud off her hands and then to rest awhile. The minister was absent, but his housekeeper received her kindly, and having attended to her wants, offered and gave her a cup of tea. Soon afterwards the minister returned, and was, of course, duly informed of the presence of the unexpected guest. Thereupon his reverence entered the kitchen, where the lady was still resting, and after surveying her critically with a suspicious eye for several moments, he addressed her in the following friendly manner. "Ma'am," he said, "I'm sure I don't know who you are, and I don't know where you come from, and, for anything I know, you may carry off some of my property; so I think the sooner you leave my house the better." The poor lady, in dire distress, promptly rose and complied with this inhospitable request, and was shortly afterwards found by a peasant woman sitting by the roadside and in tears. More kind-hearted and sensible than the minister, this good Samaritan quickly led the wanderer to the nearest inn, where a dog-cart was soon procured, in which the unfortunate lady and her damaged bicycle were conveyed home. The reverend gentleman had evidently no expectation of entertaining angels unawares, or he would not have treated a lady in distress with such scant courtesy. It was an unfortunate experience for the lady; but it serves to show that even in Scotland the latter-day cad is not yet quite an extinct animal.

The edict of the Archbishop of Paris forbidding priests in the French capital to ride bicycles does not appear to meet with favour in the Emerald Isle, for no less a dignitary of the Roman Church than the Archbishop of Dublin himself is an ardent cyclist, in which respect, as in many more respects, he gives good example to the clergy of his diocese. Naturally, Irish priests are not in the habit of wearing their cassocks in the streets, and are consequently not compelled to ride ladies' machines, whereas the ordinary garb of the French curé made it incumbent upon the Parisian cycling ecclesiastic to bestride the female wheel, and the Archbishop of Paris, having a keen sense of humour, quickly foresaw that "the ridiculousness of the thing," as Alice in Wonderland would have called it, would bring the Church itself into ridicule.

Though Lady Warwick is one of the most graceful riders in England, I may mention that she has a rival in Ireland in the person of the Countess of Annesley, who has only lately taken to the wheel, but who, nevertheless, rides with peculiar grace and skill.

A point of importance to cyclists has just been set at rest by the Comptroller of Trade-Marks, who, acting in accordance with the decision of Mr. Justice North in the case of the New Ormonde Cycle Company, Limited, has altered the register of trade-marks by inserting in it, as owners of the trade-mark, "The New Ormonde Cycle," the name of the New Ormonde Cycle Company, Limited, in place of the former name of the company. The trade-mark of the Ormonde Cycle is of such value as to induce the company who own it to change their name into one corresponding with that trade-mark. It was then discovered that the Acts of Parliament relating to trade-marks omit to make any definite provision for the alteration in the register in the name of the owner of the trade-mark, although the case of the assignment of a trade-mark to another person is amply provided for. The New Ormonde Cycle Company, Limited, therefore, were obliged to resort to the High Court of Justice before the necessary alteration could be made. This is the first case under the law in which the point has been argued and settled.

A cycling-costume competition has just been held at Cardiff in connection with the Exhibition. The number of competitors was eighteen, and only three really wore a dress at all striking in its originality. The first prize, a twenty-guinea bicycle, was won by Mrs. Austin, a resident of Cardiff. The material used was rifle-green cloth with white facings and scarlet vest, and when riding the front part of the skirt was buttoned up, thus allowing the knees full play. The second prize, a ten-guinea bicycle, fell by vote to Miss Vaughan, who wore a mysterious arrangement of baggy bloomers, with loose drapery festooned round the waist, which drapery, when the rider descended from her machine, was let down and formed, with the jacket, a long ulster. Miss Baker, in a trim costume of fawn and white, carried off third prize.

THE THEATRES.

It is with real pleasure that I welcome "Two Little Vagabonds," for it is rarely that one sees a melodrama of such quality. The machinery of the piece may be somewhat over-fanciful, but it leads to matter that is really charming. It was impossible to resist a tear at some of the scenes between Wally and Dick, and at the suffering of the poor gutter-lad when he finds that the creature whom he has loved as a mother is not related to him at all. If melodrama were always so true and new, how soon would one cease to use the name as a term of reproach!

In what degrees one ought to apportion the praise between M. Decourcelle and Messrs. Sims and Shirley I cannot say; but among them they have produced a work certain to enjoy great success, and very well deserved. Even the comic characters and the villains are somewhat off the beaten track, and amusing. It is, however, the picture of Wally that really holds the thought; and when one compares its simple, natural pathos with that of "Jo," one is surprised to see how true a piece of art can come of such a matter.

Indeed, so admirable are some scenes that one is grieved that the Jealousy Act, which culminates in Thornton giving away his wife's child to a casual burglar, has been introduced: it is good enough for ordinary melodrama, but shamed by the scenes that follow it.

Of course, the triumph depended to no small extent on the acting, and it is pleasant to be able to say that the company is worthy of its work. Miss Sydney Fairbrother's Wally is a fine piece of unforced, pathetic art, infinitely creditable to her, and Miss Kate Tyndall acted with great spirit and capital assumption of boyishness in the part of Dick: a better pair one could not desire. Miss Olliffe had a heavy burden as the hapless wife, and showed herself an actress of much value; she may have a tendency to overact, but it will pass away, leaving her an artist who should do honour to our stage. Mr. Edmund Gurney and Mr. Chris Walker were cleverly characteristic as two low villains. The rest of the company is excellent, and I could wish to have space for more names.

Alas for the Strand Theatre that it should have seen "Teddy's Wives," one of the silliest farces that have been given at the luckless house! That the piece will please the public seems doubtful; that it should not is certain. After "The Fool of the Family" and "Teddy's Wives," Mr. Fergus Hume ought to be convinced that he has not the makings of a dramatist in him. There is no need to name the players who took part in the sorry show; they worked well, with one or two exceptions, but vainly.

I went the other evening to see the new theatre at Brixton. It is a bright, cheery place. For the interior, the colour scheme—blue and gold—has been admirably chosen and worked out, giving, in addition to a feeling of comfort, a sense of the good taste expended on the execution of detail. On the Grand Staircase the walls are set off with prettily painted mirrors of various shapes, and from the outside the theatre presents a solid if somewhat dumpy appearance. With regard to the auditorium, matters are as good as possible, and, fortunately, no fault is to be found with the acoustics. The theatre, which is seated for two thousand people, was planned by Mr. Frank Matcham, whose experience in these matters is very considerable. The proprietor is Mr. T. Phipps Dorman, and Mr. C. Rider Noble is manager. Both gentlemen are well known in the provinces, especially in connection with the Northampton Opera House, where they hold similar positions. Promise has been given of a busy season, and, as Mr. Wilson Barrett said on the opening day, it will be the people's own fault if the companies fail to attract, particularly as the prices for admission are those in vogue in the provinces.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

Unless I am very much mistaken, the end of the year will be marked by various amendments of the rules of county cricket.

More than that, a proposal was put forth at the meeting of the Yorkshire Club which, if made law, would affect the game itself. It was unanimously carried that the follow-on be abolished, and that captains be empowered to declare at any period of the game.

Nobody will accuse the Yorkshire executive of being ultra-conservative. They are a very sporting people, Yorkshiremen, and they



A PLACE KICK.

are for ever seeking to develop sport. They have one fault, and that is their evident contempt for the County Cricket Championship as a tournament. I call it a fault, because, in fact, Yorkshiremen are terribly enthusiastic on the chances of their side securing the laurels.

The motion of abolishing the follow-on does not strike me as a great move, but I am certainly in favour of empowering teams to declare when they please. By the way, if this option had been legalised, should we have had the record total made last year? The cynic may contend that Yorkshire are eager to have their record unbeaten, hence the suggestion, for see how severely spoken of under the proposed rule would be the team who went on piling up the runs during two whole days!

It is certainly irritating to a captain to have to keep on making runs when he does not want them. On the other hand, it will not be pleasant to see a captain declare directly the wicket becomes ruined, for the sole reason that his side's batting averages should not suffer. The abolition of the follow-on would be welcome, since it would tend, if not to better results, certainly to results far more representative of the true character of the play.

FOOTBALL.

Larger than ever are the crowds which gather at the League matches. That interest in Association football is increasing is patent, and it really seems as though, at last, the companies are to reap the reward of their patience and sportsmanship. Seldom has much of a profit been made out of the game by any one of the clubs.

In both Divisions the competition is working out satisfactorily. That is to say, there is plenty of variation in form, and, though Aston Villa are at present the favourites in the premier class, nobody would care just now to venture upon a prediction as to the championship of either section.

Aston Villa are favourites only because of the undoubted class of the men engaged. The performances of the club do not justify this favouritism, and, indeed, until the time of beating Everton at Goodison Park, the champions had performed in quite mediocre style. It was generally admitted that the team was a team of "stars," but even a team of "stars" cannot be expected to produce perfection in combination at first go-off. Once they do settle down, great things may be expected from Aston Villa.

In the Second Division I expect most from Notts County and Woolwich Arsenal. Indeed, of the two I prefer the Southerners, who do not seem to have ever possessed a finer chance. Woolwich Arsenal were the pioneers of Southern football, and if they win the championship of the Second Division this year, they will be conferring a benefit upon the South as well as upon themselves.

Next Saturday will see some very interesting League matches on the carpet. Not the least important will be the meeting of Notts Forest and Derby County in the First Division. The Foresters are one of the surprises of the year. Nobody expected much from them, not even when it was given out that the famous brothers Capes from the Burton Wanderers had been engaged. But the performances of the Lace team

have roused the public to a keen sense of the situation. With Derby playing very much below last season's form, a victory for Notts Forest may be confidently expected.

The visit of Preston North End to the Bolton Wanderers will be another event of the day's card. The Wanderers did very well last year, and they would probably have done better had not some of their forwards fallen ill, and so caused an upset in the composition of the side. Whatever success Bolton meet with is chiefly due to the brilliance of the defence of Sutcliffe, Jones, and Somerville; a very worthy trio.

The newly formed United League certainly opened in brilliant style. It was claimed for this League that, although only eight clubs would be engaged, yet they would be found remarkably equal in ability. Until Millwall met Rushden on Monday, no victory had been gained by more than a single goal, Tottenham Hotspur actually playing Millwall Athletic 5 goals to 6. Next Saturday Woolwich Arsenal will be at home to Luton in the United League. These are the two clubs which first introduced professionalism in the South, and if the Arsenal have made the greater progress, that is probably only because they are in a position to receive more encouragement from their supporters. As a matter of fact, there is no more enthusiastic club than Luton, and considering the size of the place, the number of good men in the team is surprising.

Notwithstanding that the Rugby Union has been forced to declare the season open on Sept. 1, I shall be greatly surprised if we ever find the crack Southern clubs in the field before about the third week in September. I hear favourable accounts of both Blackheath and the London Scottish, the latter of whom will be captained by Willy Neilson. Last year the Scottish had a very poor season, but they will doubtless do better this time, and will probably be satisfied even if they do no more than defeat their friendly enemies Blackheath.

The *National Football News* is the latest effort in journalism about the leather. It is a twenty-page penny weekly, and is put together in an interesting way, on the paragraph principle.

ATHLETICS.

They continue to beat records in America, at athletics as at everything else. Ever since the terrible disasters which overtook the London Athletic Club and the Cambridge University Athletic Club across the Atlantic, Englishmen have had a profound respect for American runners and jumpers.

The chief event of the American Athletic Union Championship, held at Manhattan, was the 440 Yards race, which produced a sensational battle between T. E. Burke, of Boston, and B. J. Wefers, of New York.



THE LINKS AT NEWCASTLE, COUNTY DOWN.

Photo by R. Welch.

Considering that the track was in bad condition, the time, 48½ sec., will itself explain the brilliance of the running. Wefers won the 100 Yards in the good time of 10½ sec., and he also pulled off the 220 in 23 sec.

OLYMPIAN.

LITTLE WILLIE.

Little Willie from his mirror
Sucked the mercury all off,
Thinking, in his childish error,
It would cure his whooping cough.

At the funeral, Willie's mother
Smartly said to Mrs. Brown,
"Twas a chilly day for William
When the mercury went down."

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The field for the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket is not likely to be a big one, although the withdrawal of St. Frusquin may induce owners to start their horses on the off-chance. Persimmon gave Labrador a 10 lb. beating at Doncaster, and on that form he holds the Kingsclere colt safe, as there is only 6 lb. difference in their weights. Troon would, if started, have a following, as the Prince's colt is called upon to receive 3 lb. only from the four-year-old. All the men of observation at Newmarket think Knight of the Thistle will be the danger to Persimmon. Jewitt has the colt fit now, and he is said to have grown into a nice horse. He receives 17 lb. from Persimmon, but, all the same, I think the Prince's horse, with Watts up, will win.

I do not quite know how balloting for members is carried on by some of our racing clubs. Are butchers, fish-salesmen, and bakers eligible for membership to them? I ask the question because during the week I espied a fishmonger and a butcher, both good sportsmen, by-the-bye, wearing the club badges at a certain suburban meeting. Of course, the power of selection to the Sandown Club is vested in the hands of a powerful committee (who, strange to say, once accepted Mr. Jabez Balfour as a member); but I fancy that the election to many of the racing clubs is more or less of a formality—the act of paying the subscription and entrance-fee.

It does not follow because a horse wins little on the Turf that it is a loss to its owner; but a study of the prices paid for yearlings and their subsequent earnings in stakes is always interesting. I have just been glancing over the records of some of this season's two-year-old winners, more especially those bought at public auction, and I find that many have yet to earn in stakes what they cost their owners, while the majority have as yet only got back part of their purchase-money. The big two-year-old winners are mainly bred by their owners—Velasquez, Addio, Chelandry, Blue Water, Jest, Goletta, Minstrel, Pastoral, and others to wit—while those bought under the rostrum as yearlings last year have not, beyond one or two, been much in evidence in important races. Titane is one of the exceptions. This filly was obtained cheaply at 175 guineas, and has so far credited her owner with four races, amounting to close on 800 sovereigns. On the other hand, Hampton Wick's purchase price was 3600 guineas, and his solitary win brought 535 sovereigns in stakes; although, doubtless, the stable netted a nice sum by the victory, seeing that the colt is under the management of one of the cutest of owners. Cherrywood cost but 55 guineas, and has in two victories got it back with interest in the shape of 364 sovereigns. Against this Cheery Bob towards the 610 guineas which it cost to purchase him has won only 89 sovereigns. Celer cost but 60 guineas, and has won over 300 sovereigns; and Casse Cou has won but 33 sovereigns (a third of a dead-heat) towards 390 guineas. Tom Jennings was fortunate, too, in his purchase of Nougatine for 25 guineas, that animal speedily earning 100 sovereigns towards its keep. I might increase the list *ad infinitum* had I room, but will content myself with one more instance. Dancing Wave was purchased for 130 guineas, and has up till now won over 700 sovereigns, while Mincio has won only 100 sovereigns, whereas she cost her owner 810 guineas.

I had a case brought to my notice this week in which a bookmaker asked for time off one of his clients, giving as an excuse that he had been dabbling on the Stock Exchange and lost £3000. It is a remarkable fact that racing men turn to 'Change as an antidote to the Turf, while many big financiers who derive no pleasure from playing at "bulls" and "bears" get plenty of excitement out of backing horses. No doubt the shoemaker would do better were he to stick to his last, but I suppose racing men and financiers are fond of dabbling in things they know not of. Very few City men do any good on the Turf; on the other hand, some of the lucky jockeys manage to invest their money in paying securities in the City.

The Cesarewitch is still a bone of contention for owners. The fiat of Mr. Fulton is anxiously awaited, and until it is known whether Laodamia will start or not very few commissions will be worked. One of the best jockeys, perhaps the only one whose opinion about a horse is worth printing, tells me that Laodamia could not lose the Cesarewitch if she were sent to the post. Further, he thinks Mr. Fulton should have backed the mare before starting her at Doncaster. I am pleased to hear from Newmarket that Thais is going on well for the Cambridgeshire. Marsh, Watts, and Lord Marcus Beresford will not hear of her defeat, and I believe even the Prince of Wales is somewhat confident.

A week or two back I pointed out that the large proportion of stewards at various meetings were not practical racing men. An exception to this rule is to be found at the forthcoming Penrith Meeting early in October, for out of a dozen stewards no fewer than eight can be recognised as racehorse owners. Mr. L. C. Salkeld, for instance, owns Menelaus, a hurdler that at one time promised to develop into a first-class performer. Mr. A. Alexander will readily be identified as the owner of that disappointing animal Son of a Gun, while Mr. C. J. Cunningham is famed for his successful dealings with erratic brutes. One of the most notorious wayward ones he ever tackled was King Charles. Mr. J. McKie, I believe, has one or two platers in his possession, while Mr. W. Winn owns Cotterdale, trained by Harry Hall. Mr. J. Rutherford has several good horses with Darling, and Mr. T. Kay Barnes trains with Armstrong, while Mr. George MacLachlan is not content with one trainer, Steel, Binnie, Elsey, and P'Anson all having charge of thoroughbreds for him.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The ordinary reader who is also a traveller, or even the one who merely voyages through the daily papers, is excellently served by a business-like little book on "The Institutions of Italy," by Mr. J. M. Coldstream (Constable). Its plan is of the simplest, and its information given in the briefest possible way. The ordinary facts concerning Italian life, so far as these are governed by law and strict custom, are set down in plain words without comment. The English tourist in Rome will no longer worry his Ambassador to get privileges for him at the Vatican if he carry Mr. Coldstream's manual in his pocket. The average visitor is hurried round crumbling frescoes, and bidden stare at miles of Tintoretto, but he would be much more naturally interested in such facts as how the army—whose officers, with their fascinating uniforms, so constantly draw his eyes—is managed; whether the Chamber of Deputies is like our House of Commons, and where the two differ; how young Italy gets its schooling; and, especially in Naples, what attitude the authorities adopt to beggars. Mr. Coldstream gives him these facts in little bulk. Of course, a work of this kind, without commentary or explanation, contains surprises. For instance, the statement that Italy is taxed less than France per head of population will startle those who have travelled ignorantly, but not unobservantly, in the two countries. But Mr. Coldstream's information is none the less convenient that it provokes inquiry.

A pathetic instance of indiscreet devotion appears in the recent compilation of an enthusiast, Mr. E. S. Dalton, called "A Roll of Thoughts from Gladstone" (Unwin). It is nicely printed in black and red, and can be hung up by a ribbon, so that every day of the three hundred and sixty-five you can be spurred to high thinking by a passage from a platform speech or a *Contemporary Review* article. Of all the writers who have ever put the stuff of thought into their work, and some care into their style, Mr. Gladstone is surely the least quotable under half-a-dozen pages. All that is finely reasoned, all that is nobly evolved, all that is strong and original, must be omitted, and the platitudes, the bathos that every public man is bound to utter, are the only things that have a chance. Mr. Dalton's will be the doom of those that cause the enemy to blaspheme.

Professor G. B. Adams, of Yale University, has published, through Altemus, of Philadelphia, a readable little book, with the pleasant title, "Why Americans dislike England." He describes the various epochs when the interests and purposes of the two countries have been in conflict, explains how, in each, evil seeds have been sown, and traces the influence of "Jingo" teachers and history-books on the whole to us. But he omits one important thing. Seeing we have offended, we have offended the more bitterly because we are their kinsmen. The quarrel has all the unseemliness and the sourness of a family quarrel. And with us, at least, the effect of race seems not to be unifying. As a nation we detest the Germans, who are of our stock; and, save for an occasional half-century's hard fighting, we love the French, aliens and very unamiable to us though they happen to be.

A mine of information concerning pictures and painters of the day—and, indeed, of the last half-century or so—in Europe and America, can be found in Muther's "History of Modern Painting," an English translation of which, by Mrs. Arthur Hillier, has just been brought out by Messrs. Henry and Co. It is really Germanic in its fulness and its attempt at completeness. Of course, it isn't complete, nor very first-rate: how could it be either when it contains half the names and a quarter of the biographies of the exhibitors in the Academy, the Salon, and what answers to these in St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Madrid, and the other capitals? But it is a new light to most of us insular folks to know there is any art in Stockholm, Christiania, and Copenhagen at all. As a guide to conversation in artistic circles it is extremely useful, for there is very little that is old-fashioned about it. Dr. Muther is an advanced critic, an admirer of Paris and Munich and Glasgow in their most daring moods, and knows all that is being dreamt of, fought for, and gossiped about in the studios. There are strange omissions, and stranger inclusions; but as the work of one man, which it seems to be, and for the Russian section, it is astounding. Not a single European country that exhibits pictures at all can feel neglected, and even artists who are by no means *arrivés* have their meed of praise, or, at least, of classification, here.

It requires vigour to attack a novel by that terribly robust and prolific Hungarian, Jokai. I have given up on several occasions, being unequal to its general long-windedness, and alienated by its want of charm. "Black Diamonds," an English translation of which has been issued by Messrs. Jarrold, is rather lengthy, and it cannot be said to have charm; but, as it has not stumped me, I feel grateful and amiable on its account. The energy of the man is tremendous. It contains matter for half-a-dozen novels, and most of it good. As a coal-mining romance it interested me most. But the hero of this part illustrates the author's profusion. Behrend has lived for years practically in and about the mine, his one duty to take care of the workpeople, his one ambition to find a remedy for fire-damp. But he is decoyed to Buda-Pesth, and there Jokai will have it that he is the most fascinating lecturer, the most talented actor, the surest marksman, the deftest swordsman in all the Hungarian capital. In Hungary they evidently like demi-gods for heroes; but they are out of fashion in our tired world. Financial speculation, music, political ambition, and idyllic love have each their turn in this most forceful and interesting if ill-arranged book. "Black Diamonds" is lengthy, but it is not heavy.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

CHIEFLY DOMESTIC.

It seems rather an unfair disposition of things atmospherically that we should have been cheated of our proper allowance of autumn weather lately. There have been no mellow days and golden evenings in the ripening year, of which idealists are wont to pipe so prettily. Rather



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AN AFTERNOON-DRESS OF THE EMPRESS.

otherwise—indeed, very. Lightnings and plenteous douchings of rain, not to mention great blasts from the blow-pipes of that uncomfortable and boisterous deity whom our journalistic great-grandfathers delighted to call “Rude Boreas.”

Altogether, an autumn to be quarrelled with, particularly from the Scotch and seaside aspects, which have been more than a little watery. Again, lest we should for an instant forget the charming climatic prospect awaiting us later on, a north-east wind has sprung into vociferous being for the past week, shaking the few last remaining leaves off trees from park or square, and bringing forth in too-previous sequence the sables and chinchilla of last year's wardrobe—the same detestable wind which Chaucer so roundly abused, but which has abated none of its malicious vigour towards his frailer descendants.

That there is only one remedy for east wind I am well assured, and that is to live out of its pernicious sphere of havoc and pulmonary dispensations. As the Riviera and other pleasant lands are not, however, come-at-able for six months annually to most British taxpayers, the next best treatment for escaping its effects is a habit of woollen undergarments, which doctors eternally preach, and three-fourths of the foolish population still foolishly live out of. I am quite convinced, indeed, that half the annual visitations of bronchitis, influenza, and other horrors of the sort might be evaded if we only had the sense to get ourselves into “combinations” or other insignia of modern common sense, instead of trifling with a death-dealing climate in laces and cambric, as vanity leads us too frequently to do. Apropos of this subject, when in Scotland lately I chanced to hear of some invaluable woollen knee-warmers made by Forsyth, of Glasgow, which I forthwith despatched to an ancient pensioner who suffers mightily from “rheumatiz” in the cold season, and have since received the grateful assurance that his knees have taken a new lease of nimbleness forthwith. Forsyth is, in fact, our insular Jaeger, and some particular garments of his make, woven from the soft fleece of Cheviot lambs, rival spun silk in their soft and pleasant texture, while being shaped on the most unimpeachable lines—or should I say curves?—of beauty withal. Reverting to present events and coming fashions, I am enabled this week to show a sketch of a pretty style of indoor gown worn by the Empress of Russia during her stay at Balmoral.

It is a heliotrope silk, with zigzag designs in a beautiful combination of brown, green, and pink, all shaded and intermingling. Panels of pleated white mousseline de soie show at both sides of a central plastron, which is edged with fine ivory Valenciennes. The square chemisette of mousseline, gathered at neck, is also a very becoming style. White, as we know, is the fair young Czarina's favourite colour, so much so that last summer, in St. Petersburg, she came to be called “the White Czarina,” transposing a classic appellation of the ruling Romanoff. Another sketch shows Princess Alice's lovely daughter in a summer costume of white lace and silk, with the picturesque accompaniment of the “Empire” bonnet which Frenchwomen have already adopted, but which seems to make slower progress in our affections over here, one of its obvious advantages or disadvantages being that it undoubtedly requires to frame a pretty face, otherwise its appearance becomes more portentous than pleasing. I doubt if we shall, moreover, take so kindly to the greatly trimmed skirt as our Gallic neighbours seem to suppose from the quite wonderful creations they are sending over for winter ball-gowns. It takes some amount of educating up to all this fluffiness after the severe and shapely bell-skirt of past seasons. Nathless, the trimmed skirt has arrived, and one quite too utterly and unutterably lovely example has been lately exhibited for my advantage, of pale-mauve silk, on which an over-dress of ciel-bleu chiffon was pleated and sewn down to the foundation as far as knee, below which it expanded in what poetic lady journalists called “foamy” flounces and frillings of chiffon, with ivory lace and further occasional embellishments of passementerie ornaments placed here and there at skilful intervals. China crêpe is, again, another material which we shall see much used for winter dances, those cheerful and more appreciated functions than the sweltering if stately crushes which we suffer and show up at, but rarely enjoy, during the season. Another compensation of the short days lies in the added seductiveness of tea-time, when the cosy wood-fire and softly shaded lamps impart a fascination to our five o'clock quite missing from it in the gracious summer weather. Apropos of that, I am reminded of some toothsome daintinesses for the tea-table prepared by Hill, the great cake-maker, who has practically become the prophet of our pantries during recent years by the delicacy of his appetising preparations, and, moreover, the purity of all ingredients used in their



[Copyright.]

“THE WHITE CZARINA.”

manufacture, a more necessary condition than seems generally understood or thought about when we stop to think what a large part bread and cakes of all kinds take in the appeasing of young appetites. None of Hill's delicious compounds are ever touched by the human hand. Machinery is alone responsible for their “sweetness and lightness,” to plagiarise the phrase-maker, while endless variety tempts our very much

petted palates to try one sort when tired of another. Hill's Cathedral Cake, for instance, is of the sponge and seed family, while yet being quite unlike both, and the Tudno, called after their factory, is an excellent form of light yet palatable fruit-cake, for which eightpence a-pound seems the cheapest of all cheapnesses. Also there are the Narcissus, Rothesay Rice, and other varieties without number, all of which are excellent, though less deeply rooted in my estimation than the Lawn-Tennis Cake, crowned with its rich almond-paste, for which Hill is justly famous. When one hears that over sixty tons of this firm's productions are disposed of weekly it gives one some idea of the generous patronage extended by the great B.P. towards any manufacturer whose leading characteristic is excellence. Touching further palatable matters of the kitchen, I am constrained to lay before the house-wife an excellent recipe for a salmis of partridges, quite one of the best methods of preparing the little brown bird which is the keystone of September dinners. Take two or three birds, wrap them round with bacon, slightly roast them, and put by to cool. Then remove the strips of bacon, carve each bird, removing skin, &c. Take all the trimmings, carcase, and so forth, put them into a saucepan, together with a small piece of ham or bacon, an onion, a carrot, some sweet herbs, a few cloves, a tiny morsel of Cayenne, whole pepper and salt to taste, finally a few shallots; add a wineglassful of red wine, and as much stock as would cover joints and breast of birds. Set all to boil for two hours; strain off the liquor then, and when cold put the pieces of partridge in, letting the whole get thoroughly hot, *but*, as slowly as possible. In a second saucepan put a piece of butter, mixing a little flour, a little sauce, and the juice of half a lemon; after which pile the pieces of bird in a shapely pyramid, pour the sauce over it, and serve with bread wedges fried in butter. No *cordon bleu* has ever done more with a partridge than this will effect, and, in my opinion, very few as much. It really seems as if I could not get away from the domesticities this week, notwithstanding professional obligations among the varieties of milliner and modiste; but while on the war-path of internal economies I should really mention a new and original plan for the lighting of forthcoming fires, which housemaids should, at least, call blessed. This, briefly, is a neat little machine, shaped somewhat like a miniature coal-box, which in two minutes produces a brilliant fire without any wood. By the application of a little paraffin poured on an asbestos-filled receiver, and a current of air which blows the flame into the centre of the coals, a good fire is obtained almost as it seems by magic, without smoke, delay, danger, or the thousand-and-one usual temper-trying tricks of grate or chimney. The mechanism of this Queen Fire-Lighting Fan is, in two words, absolutely safe and simple. The price, small enough for the slimmest purse, and the convenience and economy, are beyond argument. Anyone who aspires to the commonest comfort should possess one. It should be added that oil is only necessary in lighting a fire. Without it the fan will blow up a dying fire into exuberant life within thirty seconds.

SYBIL.

THE COSTUMES IN "CYMBELINE."

Imogen is a vision of loveliness as she comes down the stone steps of Cymbeline's Palace garden, where, through avenues of great trees, there comes a glimpse of bluest sea.

She is robed in some soft, closely clinging fabric of dead China blue, with shining golden tissue bordered with turquoises for the bodice portion, while swathed round the figure with infinite art comes a silken drapery, where palest yellow deepens into orange, and tender pink into richest crimson, and on into royal purple. The gradations of colour are exquisite, and where the drapery is caught up at the side and falls in cascade folds the effect is particularly lovely. Holding it into the figure there are bands of gold studded with turquoises, while a feature of the costume is a wondrous necklace formed of huge pieces of amber, bored through to admit connecting strings of amber beads. Mr. Carl, who designed the exquisite costumes, tells me that this is a faithful copy of a necklet worn by a mummy whose tomb was discovered some little time back, and this copy, being carried out in real amber, becomes really a costly piece of jewellery. Imogen's red-gold hair is crowned by a wreath of pale apple-blossoms, and golden circlets twine round her arms.

After an introduction to Philario's House in Rome, where the marble pillars are wreathed round with pink blossoms and the flower-crowned sybarites lounge at ease, to watch the dancing-girl whose white limbs shine out through rose-pink gauze all flecked with gold and festooned with jewels—after this we come back to Cymbeline's Palace and Imogen. For her meeting with Iachimo she wears a loose white robe, all patterned with little discs in various shades of gold, while over it comes a loose jacket of woven silver, the square at the neck outlined with alternate amethysts and turquoises—a favourite combination this of Mr. Carl's—and the long, hanging sleeves being of that mystic white fabric, all glittering with gold. Veiling the back and falling over the shoulders in front there is a drapery of gold and silver gauze.

In the bed-chamber scene the bed is canopied with a drapery of shining silver gauze, which catches every gleam of light, and lends a glory to the place, while the coverlet is of golden yellow and pale blue.

Afterwards we get one more glimpse of that rainbow dress, and then we have the dark-blue robe and the long, sombre brown cloak in which Imogen journeys to Milford Haven—a transition stage this between the feminine loveliness of those first robes and the boyish disguise of the latter acts. Miss Terry makes the most delightful page in the world in a sage-green suit and a gracefully draped cloak.

Miss Geneviève Ward has a train of sombre black, relieved by great

circles in flame-colour and green, the under-dress being in the flame-colour, all wrought with gold and green, Mr. Carl's idea being to suggest by this green the serpent-like character of the woman. She makes a most imposing Queen, and wears some barbarically beautiful jewels.

And now, I wonder if I dare go from the Lyceum to the Princess's—from Shakspeare to G. R. Sims, and from the costumes of the first century to the productions of a modern Madame Maresque? At any rate, I will make the venture, for the sake of some charming costumes worn by Miss Geraldine Olliffe, which may be of practical use as models.

One gown is in soft grey *crêpon*, the skirt quite plain, for actresses, I notice, in contradistinction to the "extra ladies," are not in favour of the trimmed skirt, which does not lend itself to graceful outlines.

The bodice is arranged with a vest of lemon-coloured silk, the waterfall revers of grey satin outlined with a fluffy *ruche* of this same silk, the costume being completed by a large hat of shot straw, trimmed with black ostrich feathers and roses.

Another gown, of dull-black *moiré antique*, has a yoke and sleeves of rucked chiffon, the bodice being cleverly folded round the figure, while a softly frilled chiffon fichu is draped about the shoulders. Here, again, the skirt is quite plain, though full. Miss Olliffe wears a smart little toque of jet sequins, bedecked with ostrich-tips and flowers.

For the last act she has a tea-gown of ivory-white accordion-pleated *crêpon*, falling in loose folds at the back, but held in at the waist in front by a jewelled girdle, the square at the neck being also outlined with jewelled trimming.

At the Shaftesbury Miss Florence St. John is wearing a simple but very charming gown of tea-rose yellow silk, the blouse-bodice made beautiful with insertion bands of lace, arranged in V's both at the back and in the front. Her huge black picture-hat is trimmed with ostrich plumes and clusters of pale-pink roses, and one full-blown rose is tucked into her waist-belt.

And I have also fallen in love with Miss Menelly's second-act dress, made, as it is, with a white silk skirt and an accordion-pleated bodice, than which nothing could, on the outward face of it, be simpler. But it is rendered eminently *chic* by the clever disposal of sundry big bunches of dark violets, and by a voluminously frilled lining of violet silk—petticoats, stockings, and shoes being all in the same delightful colour. Her last dress is not so happy, a curious draught-board arrangement of black velvet-ribbon being plaited in and out to form a deep corselet, while it is continued over the hips for some two inches before the fulness of the white mousseline-de-soie skirt is allowed to escape from its bondage.

Next week we shall have to give our attention to "The White Silk Dress" which is to flaunt itself on the Prince of Wales's stage.

FLORENCE.

AN EGYPTIAN TROPHY.

While the story of Dongola again rings in our ears, it is interesting to remember that the Royal Sussex Regiment, now installed in Preston Barracks, Brighton, rendered brilliant services in the Nile Expedition to Khartoum of 1884. The 35th was the first regiment to get up the Nile,

and reached Dongola many weeks before the greater portion of the troops employed in the Expedition had left Lower Egypt. In recognition of the hard work and hardships occasioned by this ascent as an advance guard during the heat of the summer, Lord Wolseley selected a portion of this regiment to act as Sir Charles Wilson's body-guard on his ill-fated voyage from Gubat to Khartoum, and, earlier in the campaign, to be the only complete battalion in the Desert Column which left Korti for Abu Klea and Gubat



under the late Sir Herbert Stewart. Two days before this column started from Korti to make a dash across the Bayuda Desert, the officers and men of the 35th were supplied with camels, and thus hastily converted into a camel corps, an almost unique experience for an infantry battalion. Lieut.-Colonel F. Selwyn Campbell, who served twenty-two years in the 1st Battalion of the regiment, has just presented to the officers' mess a splendid solid silver centre-piece (the work of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company), consisting of a finely modelled camel, with rider in the uniform worn in the Egyptian Campaign, standing upon an ebony base, having on each side the regimental crest in silver, surrounded by laurel wreaths, with the names of the regimental honours inscribed on ribbons, and at each end are similar wreaths bearing "35" and crown above. Surrounding the base are six pedestals, and standing upon them are silver statuettes representing men in the uniforms of the regiment from 1701 to 1895.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Oct. 14.

STOCK EXCHANGE VALUES.

As might have been expected, the monthly analysis of Stock Exchange values compiled by the *Banker's Magazine* shows that a considerable depreciation has taken place in the 325 representative securities dealt with during the month ending 19th inst. It may surprise our readers, however, to know that the falling off has exceeded seventy millions sterling, being an average decrease of 2·1 per cent. The reason of this heavy depreciation is accounted for by the rise in the Bank Rate and the prospects of dearer money. Consols and other gilt-edged securities have been most affected, the falling off in British funds alone amounting to £26,000,000, while the English Railway ordinary, preference, and debenture issues included in the table have suffered by as much as £29,000,000. Indian Railway stocks show a considerable loss during the month, the decline amounting to no less than 4·7 per cent. Breweries have also depreciated to the extent of 4 per cent., and Commercial, Industrial, &c., 3·5 per cent. On the other hand, English Banks have benefited by the increase in the Bank Rate and by the prospects of improved profits which dearer money holds out. It is somewhat remarkable to find in the list that American Railroad securities are also above the level of a month ago, a circumstance which our contemporary puts down to the result of the recent large shipments of gold to the States. The further rise of the Bank Rate to 3 per cent., strange to say, tended to firm up the markets again, so that, to all appearances, this seventy millions depreciation will probably be partially, if not wholly, restored during the current month. Surely there never was a more striking illustration of the absence of logical reasoning on the Stock Exchange than the scare one week lest the Bank Rate should be put up to 3 per cent., and the rejoicing, a week later, when that rate was announced. The jobbers seem to have lost their heads, and he would be a rash prophet who undertook to predict what would be the effect if the Bank Rate were again reduced to 2 per cent. or raised to 5 per cent.

THE CHATHAM MEETING.

Unanimity appears to have been the characteristic of the Special General Meeting of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company held last week. It may have been a pleasant variety for the chairman, Mr. James Staats Forbes, to preside at such a harmonious gathering, though we imagine he would have preferred an opportunity for displaying his native pugnacity with his customary blandness. The object of calling the proprietors together at this time was to pave the way for the issue of further capital. It appears that it has been found necessary by the company to increase this item by some £450,000 for certain specified objects, and the resolutions empowering the company to do so were unanimously carried by the shareholders.

It will be welcome news to travellers on this line to hear that the directors have decided to build and provide, either by themselves or through contractors, a very large amount of up-to-date rolling stock. Everyone who has any knowledge of Chatham accommodation in this particular department will admit that it is full time such a step should be taken. We hope that the system of lighting will also be altered, to be in keeping with the new carriages. The company hopes that the cost of the new stock will be entirely covered by increased revenue and a better reputation.

YANKEES.

In dealing with the prospects of American Rails there is a very prevalent tendency to confuse issues of an entirely different character. There are two distinct matters to be considered. Any concession to the Silver Party would operate to the detriment of the bonds which at present are supposed to be repayable in gold, and, in the long run, would play havoc with the credit of the United States. But it might temporarily produce a spurt in some of the common stocks, by creating traffic increases on paper. A very interesting situation would be thus created—falling bonds, rising capital stock. Fortunately, there is not much danger of such an anomaly becoming a *fait accompli*. Between Silver and Protection the American citizen has to make his choice, and he prefers Protection. It is much to be regretted that the choice should be restricted to such narrow limits, but it is no business of ours, except as critics and students of the financial and fiscal policy of the Washington Executive.

The Protectionist candidate is, they say, going to be the next President; but the Constitution of the United States does not give the President any power of initiative. He can veto measures which are distasteful to him, and no doubt he can exercise indirect influence with special potency. But he is by no means an autocrat. Protection might benefit railway traffics for the time, and so help the market; a Silverite victory in the Presidential contest would certainly knock it to pieces. The bare possibility of such an event has of late disorganised the Yankee Market. Now that the fear is partly removed, the market is reviving, and the improvement is all the more marked in comparison with the generally depressed tendency of other stocks of far greater intrinsic value.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

The following interesting letter has reached us from our West Australian correspondent, dealing with the Yalgoo Field and the famous Joker Mine—

Yalgoo and the Murchison are distinctly under a cloud. The Wilsons, who first opened up the country round Cue, deserted it for the more popular Menzies, and

month by month those who have been mining in the Murchison have been losing heart and giving up claims. Honestly, I consider this a pity, because through the whole district water is plentiful—sometimes salt, it is true; but water, whether salt or fresh, is better than no water at all. This water has really prevented the indefatigable prospector from going down. At forty or fifty feet he has been stopped, and a promising show, which in Hannan's or any other part would have made a mine, is here abandoned for want of pumps. Yalgoo, a tiny mining-camp eighty miles from Mullewa, was proud of its Emerald, which has turned out some good gold and is still running its 5-head battery; but one mine will not make a place famous, and until the railway came to Yalgoo the place dragged on a spiritless existence. The advent of the iron horse (this hard-run phrase is patented) brought upon the scene the irrepressible Macklin with his army of experts, French, Dutch, and American. A real live lord, one Avonmore, was induced to start a store at Carlaminda. Hopgood and Robertson, nice, amiable new chums, full of life and energy and delightfully vague, were inveigled into building a hotel with as many as eight bedrooms, and the great Macklin himself, sitting in Perth, sent out his wires and bought up the Yalgoo country.

The Venture Syndicate to-day holds 800 acres in this field, and 85 head of stamps are now being got ready. The Carlisle Camp will take 15 head, Victoria United 20, British Empire 15, Joker 20, Field's Find 10, and Nyngam 5 head. I am now at Yalgoo living upon magnesia-water and tinned dog. I go round the mines each day. As Yalgoo is the centre and the mines are some of them eighty miles away, progress is slow and superbly uncertain, but I hope to end before the fever or the magnesia settles me. The Emerald is a good mine spoilt. It has crushed some enormously rich stone, and it can boast of the stupidest little 5-head stamper in the whole of Western Australia, which is saying much in this land of broken-down mills and incompetent millmen. To-day it is crushing some of the small leaders and the alluvial dust mixed. We clean up on Thursday, but are not enthusiastic. The worthy people who have professed to manage this mine have been "pig-rooting"—that is to say, they have been following the rich leaders about and not attempting to mine on any system whatever. I believe that a capable mine-manager would have long ago found the main reef in the Emerald.

Mr. Charrington, one of the directors, is now living on the mine, and has ordered pumping and winding gear, and is sinking a main shaft. All this should have been done two years ago. Most of the working capital is still intact, so rich is the claim in leaders; perhaps the new blood will pull the mine round. But as the Emerald, so all the mines in Western Australia. Reckless management has spoilt half the best shows. The Emerald leaders must make into a big reef somewhere, and any manager of sense would have long ago cross-cut to find this reef. A stone's throw from the Emerald is the mine rejoicing in the loud-sounding title of "The Yalgoo Public Battery Company." A few prospecting shafts have been sunk upon the leases, and nothing worth speaking of has yet been found; but the claims may turn out worth holding. As usual, the machinery, which is utterly unnecessary, and will be for twelve months or more, is on the ground. The directors, I presume, from the title of the company, fondly imagine that their battery will be used as a public battery. But by whom? There are no mines nearer than Carlaminda, seven miles away, and there they have their own batteries. A stupider place in which to put a customs battery than Yalgoo I have never seen. Poor English shareholders!

Of course, the great show-mine of Yalgoo is the Joker, which lies about ten miles away, upon a range of hills mainly composed of ironstone. Very rich specimens have been found in the Joker. Beautiful pieces of hematite, with big splashes of gold upon them, have inflamed the disordered imaginations of the people in St. George's Terrace, and "Buy Jokers" is the latest tip among those who follow the Venture crowd. I have not bought Jokers, neither do I intend to. I should prefer to "go nap" upon the Carlisle, of which more anon (another patented phrase). The Joker, you will all have read in the *Financial News*, is seventy-two acres in extent, with nine shafts, four of them, I may remark, put down in slovenly West Australian style in the underlay. The main underlay is 137 feet deep. At 50 feet they have driven about 100 feet to connect with the main vertical, which is down 140 feet. The "formation"—grand word! what it means no one knows—is ironstone, with quartz leaders running parallel to the line of the country, that is, N.W. and S.E. These leaders, as is mostly the case in Western Australia, carry gold, and, of course, some of the gold is found in the country rock, but that the whole hill carries gold I do not believe. However, about 2000 tons of stone are at grass, so the mill will tell its own story. I dare say that, as the leaders are rich, the crushing will be good, but I don't like these so-called "formations." The leaders may make into a big reef at depth, or they may not. The shareholders must take the risk. I am a stupid, old-fashioned person, and I like well-defined walls.

The Joker has been "pig-rooted." I don't like the way the mine has been opened out. No assay map has been kept of the mine, and it was impossible for me to tell how much of the stone on the dump was payable. I took a piece of ironstone—not quartz—from the north end of the big drive, and a piece from the south end, and panned both, getting no show at all. This is not a fair test, and if M. Maryanski, who is now spending some weeks assaying the mine, reports favourably, I shall be willing to admit that I was unlucky. But, candidly, I don't like specimen mines. Upon the Joker range of hills the Venture have pegged out a large area, which belongs to the Joker Proprietary. Practically no work has been done here, but a tunnel is now going right through the hill, which will prove whether any of the quartz reefs carry gold. Perhaps they do, and perhaps they don't; but, in any case, I like the way the manager is doing his work.

At Wadgingarra the Venture have taken up 150 acres, or practically all the reef. This is eight miles north-east of Yalgoo, and a huge reef runs through the country. The Carlisle Reef strikes 5 degrees east of north, and upon this line there appear to be many reefs, which may possibly junction somewhere in the Cumberland. Neither property has got beyond the prospecting stage, but the No. 1 shaft in the Carlisle is down on the reef 65 feet, and the dump, which contains about 70 tons of quartz, is really a fine show. I broke many dozens of pieces, and never failed to find gold finely disseminated through the stone. This is remarkable, and the reef here must be very rich. The gold is fine, and at the bottom of the shaft the pieces I broke showed splendid gold all through. It is a great pity that those in charge have not driven upon this body of stone, which at surface is over three feet thick, and has distinct hanging and foot walls. It goes down almost vertical, but some disturbances have thrown it a little at the bottom, and this is possibly why the prospectors sold so quickly—a prospector doesn't like to lose his reef. I like the Carlisle better than any mine I have seen yet belonging to the Venture Group. Adjoining is the Cumberland, which has a big reef about eleven feet wide, so they say. I did not see it myself, but the reef I saw at the bottom of the No. 2 shaft, 70 feet down, was very highly mineralised—they had not cross-cut to find the width.

The stone on the Cumberland Dumps should run 15 dwt., but I imagine it is not all free-milling ore. Possibly they will have to treat the concentrates. I liked the look of the whole country, and a man might spend many weeks upon these reefs prospecting and dollying. The Venture should at once establish an assay-house here, and take samples from the whole reef. It will take them a long time to find out what they have got; but I fancy they have here bought something worth mining.

Yalgoo is looking up, and, with all the new finds at Pinyalling and other

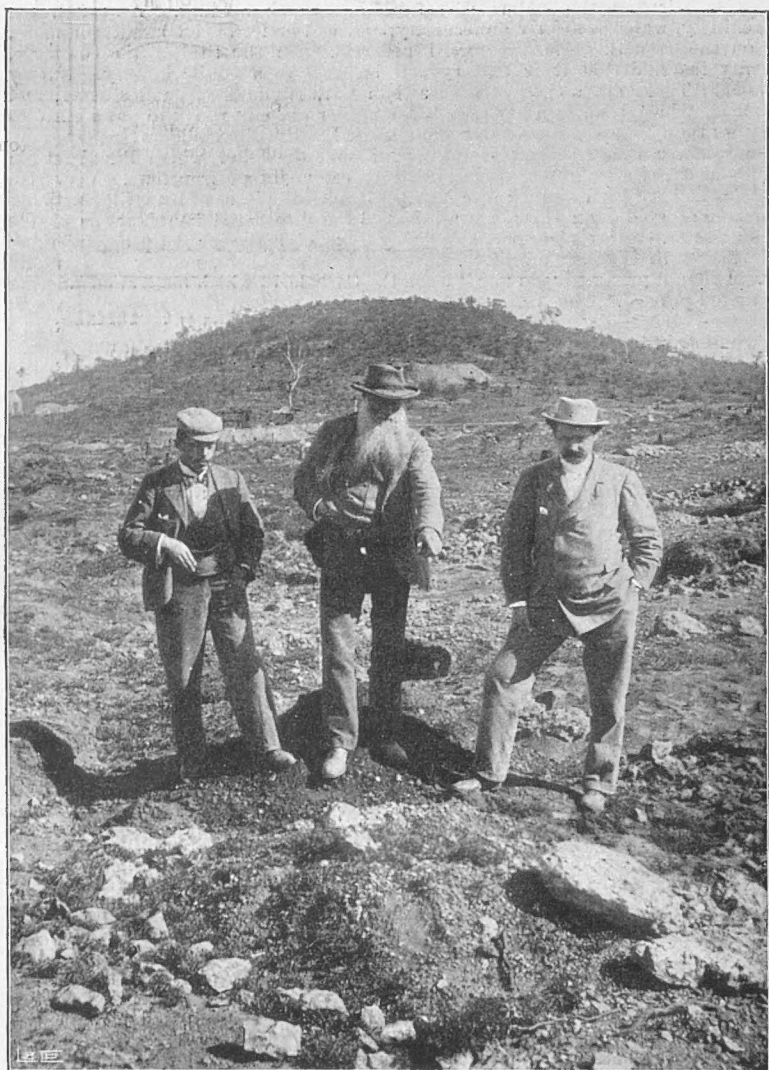
places, the already overworked Warden will have enough to do. I will send you next week my ideas about the rest of the mines here, and then I hope to go North to Mount Magnet, Cue, and Nannine.

While our correspondent is telling the "downright bottom truth" about the state of affairs in Western Australia, is it not time we took stock of the position here? Some hundreds of mines have been floated in this country, of which not a few have gone to allotment on quite insufficient working capital; many have got nothing but a bit of barren ground for their money, and a few will give to their fortunate shareholders the rich returns which were anticipated in every case.

The ball has been kept rolling for a long time, and the duffers are getting found out very slowly; but the West Australian Market is very sick at present, because a good many duffers have had to confess to the fact that they have got nothing, and the very want of water which saved the position for so long now prevents many of the really good mines from showing their quality, and casts everything under a cloud of suspicion. The experience of Hannan's True Blue, Kintore, Big Blow, the various properties on the Bayley line of reef, and many more, is admittedly going to be the experience of a host of others.

It is a time in which careful people should think twice before they purchase West Australian shares, but, if they are bent on the investment, let them select things like Hannan's Reward or Burbank's Birthday Gift, which have suffered by reason of the general distrust, and yet are really gold-mines, as we all know. At present prices, the capitalisation of Hannan's Reward represents about £140,000 or £150,000 for the mine, and, unless our own correspondent and everybody else has grossly misled us, it is the cheapest thing in the market. For those who like cheap shares, we believe the present is a fair chance to buy Day Dawn Block shares with every reasonable prospect of a profit.

In a recent issue we availed ourselves of Mr. Herbert Moir's portfolio, stocked with reminiscences of his recent visit to the West Australian fields, to publish a picture of the Stock Exchange at Kalgoorlie. We avail ourselves further of the opportunity this week to include a photograph never



MR. DAVIES POINTING OUT TO MR. HERBERT MOIR THE SPOT WHERE GOLD WAS FIRST DISCOVERED BY HANNAN

before published, of Mr. Davies, an old mining veteran who arrived on the fields within twenty-four hours of Hannan, pointing out to Mr. Moir the spot where gold was first discovered by that lucky prospector.

"ANSWERS," LIMITED.

For the last three or four months we have been urging our readers to buy *Answers* shares at all sorts of prices, between fifty and sixty shillings. The quotation is now four pounds, and the murder, in the shape of a reconstruction under the title of Harmsworth Brothers, Limited, is pretty well out. We need hardly say that we should never have written

as we did unless we had known what was going to take place, for it is not our habit to speak without some knowledge. The new company will have a capital of £1,000,000, of which one-half will be 5 per cent. preference and one-half ordinary. Several new papers will be included in the deal, and the combined sale of the company's publications will exceed 3,000,000 copies per issue, while the profits certified by Messrs. Turquand, Young, and Co. are said to reach over £100,000 per annum.

We note that an application has been made to the Stock Exchange for a settlement and official quotation of Pearson's shares. Probably the middle of October will be about the time fixed.

NEW ISSUES.

Chandler's Reward Gold-Mines, Limited.—Better leave all new mines alone just now.

The Champion Extended and Home Rule Gold-Mines, Limited.—We are not in love with it.

George and John Nickson and Co., Limited.—A Liverpool business. We do not consider 5 per cent. is a high enough rate to induce a prudent man to take the shares.

Bulloch, Lade, and Co., Limited.—A distillery business. The debentures should be safe enough.

The Desirable Proprietary Gold-Mines (Western Australia), Limited.—Hardly as attractive as its name would imply.

The London and Colonial Exploration and Finance Company, Limited.—There are enough of these concerns already; nor does the fact that Sir Somers Vine is chairman and Sir Edward Sullivan a director increase our longing to subscribe for shares.

Saturday, Sept. 26, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor," *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

NURANI.—(1) All New Zealand gold-mines are dangerous by reason of the patchy nature of the reefs, especially the Coromandel goldfield. We have very little faith in the mine you name, but, like all the rest in that district, there is always the off-chance of a big strike. (2) We have no faith in this concern. There has been too much bucket-shop puffing. (3) Yes. (4) Yes, subject to the fact that all the Mining Market looks like going from bad to worse.

ENTRE NOUS.—(1) It certainly was not subscribed by the public. A good bit was underwritten, but how much we do not exactly know. (2) We would not touch the concern with the longest barge-pole as an investment. (3) The Tyre Company.

POLE STAR.—We wrote to you in answer to your second letter on Sept. 25.

NIKKO.—(1) The publishers are Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., 32, Paternoster Row. The price is 5s., which means 3s. 9d. net. The book was reviewed while we were away for a short holiday, and on looking it over we find much to disapprove of, especially the various puffs of the Universal Stock Exchange, against which we have so often written. (2) From the people connected with the concern it appears to be all right. In holding the shares you are, at least, in good company.

W. W.—As to the mine, we have no information. We think all buying of mining shares at the moment is likely to turn out badly, for the market looks very sick. If you buy anything, select good things like Burbank's Birthday Gift, Hannan's Reward, or Mount Charlotte. Some of the East London Railway debentures pay their interest, but we can see very little chance of the ordinary shares ever having any value. Every now and again a bucket-shop rig is got up, and if you bought now and got out on the next one that is engineered by Gregory and Co., or some such people, you might make twenty shillings a share.

PLUNGER.—We think the sooner you reconsider your position and get rid of the bulk of your shares, the better. (1) Our opinion of Chartered has been so often expressed that we cannot find room to go into it again here. Get out on any little rise. (2) We have no reliable information. (3) We believe the company is doing very well, and that the financial year ends this month. (4) We should get rid of them, as we should of anything which is "bossed" by Mr. Harry Lawson. (5) See last week's "Notes." We have sold our own. (6) Get rid of them if you can find a buyer. (7) Get rid of these too.

C. M.—See answer to "Nikko." We should be inclined to think, apart from European politics, there was more room for a rise than a fall in Grand Trunk stocks. Of course, the ordinary have no intrinsic value.

SCOTCHMAN.—(1) We believe the Tyre Company is doing very well. We know they supply a good article. But for the fact that Mr. Harry Lawson was chairman, we should certainly hold. (2) The company is involved in a big action at law with the Dunlop people, we think. We should see it out, as they are so low.

GARRON TOWER.—We wrote to you on Sept. 25.

CHEMICUS.—See answer to "F. M." in last week's *Sketch*.

INVESTMENT.—(1) The market story is that the reef has cut out; at any rate, there is a screw loose. (2) Too much puffed by certain bucket-shops.

G. C.—(1) The shares are dealt in at about 3s. 9d. to 5s. premium. Application has been made for a settlement and quotation, and it will probably be granted early next month, when the shares will be fully paid up. (2) Any member of the Stock Exchange can get you a copy of the rules. Write to the broker with whom you deal, or apply to the secretary direct.

GUARDIAN.—It is possible that the combination may not come off, but if it does it will probably be at the end of next month. We will look after you. *The Sketch* certainly won't be included in the deal. In Pearson's case there were about nine thousand applicants, and almost all the shares went to those who applied for ten and under. (2) We should pick Maxim and Nobel shares as the best of your list. Assam Railway are very good, but high. (3) Have nothing to do with any of the motor-car shares at present.

INVESTMENTS.—See answer to "Nikko."

INQUISITOR.—We believe both the concerns named by you to be the worst kind of rubbish. As far as intrinsic merits go, we should say neither had any value.

ENQUIRER.—Your legal adviser has expressed our opinion of the concern in very exact language.

E. G.—To get 5 per cent. for trust money is next-door to impossible, even with a wide investment clause. If you can buy Home Industrial shares, put £1000 into C. Arthur Pearson's 5½ pref. at about 5½, £1000 into Gas Light and Coke A stock, £1500 into Imperial Continental Gas stock, £500 into Industrial Trust Unified stock, and £1000 into Trustees and Executors 4 per cent. prior lien bonds.

J. M.—(1) We should not like to give an opinion; so much depends on the price of copper. (2) Yes, fairly so.